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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

PARIS MEETING

THE past week has been one of the most troubled in the annals of the Western Alliance, but steps have been taken to restore the position in preparation for the Paris "summit" meeting next month.

M. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, is in the United States presenting his nation's case over the supply of arms to Tunisia by the British and the Americans. Reports from the United States indicate that M. Pineau and Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, have both made their respective points on the arms issue and although the position has not been resolved tension has slackened and there is an improvement in relations.

Now Mr. Macmillan has decided to go to Paris where he will seek to remove existing bitterness in France during his talks with the new French Prime Minister, M. Gaillard.

Mr. Macmillan's decision is welcome and it is an indication that the worst of the Anglo-French crisis may now be over. British opinion has remained anxious for a meeting between the two Prime Ministers calculated to restore understanding between London and Paris before the Atlantic Alliance heads of government meet as earlier in the week it was thought that France might not welcome any bilateral top-level contacts with Britain at the present stage.

FIRST MOVE

THIS meeting will be the first personal encounter between Mr. Macmillan and M. Gaillard and the first move to re-establish the close relationship between the two countries which was such a feature of the administration of Sir Anthony Eden and M. Guy Mollet.

The fact that the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is to accompany Mr. Macmillan, despite the absence of his French opposite number indicates that there will be serious discussions on foreign policy questions. Foremost among these is expected to be the dispute over the supply of arms to Tunisia.

The outcome of these talks will have an important bearing on the future of the Atlantic Alliance, but Mr. Macmillan cannot expect to find French climate of opinion other than frigid and his task will be one of the most difficult he has had to tackle since assuming office.

US LAUNCHES Interplanetary Space Penetrated By Man For First Time

Hanscom Air Force Base, Mass., Nov. 22.
The US Air Force announced today it had fired artificial meteors so high they probably were pulled toward the face of the sun, 92,000,000 miles away.

'An Excellent Achievement'

Brussels, Nov. 22.
Professor Marcel Nicolet, Belgium's upper atmosphere expert and secretary of its IGY committee, said the launching of artificial meteors was "an excellent achievement which will be of great importance for future study of the upper atmosphere."

He added: "Now we will be enabled to study these regions directly instead of by observation from the earth and calculations."

"It is probably the first time particles of matter have been artificially ejected out of the atmosphere."

He said the speed of natural meteors is two to three times faster.

He said, "The small size of the meteors precludes any immediate conclusions as to their importance to space travel."

In his position as secretary of the IGY the Professor declined to comment on the military aspects of the meteors.—United Press.

ISRAELIS KILLED

Amman, Nov. 22.
Two Israelis were killed by a Jordanian National Guard patrol when they crossed into Jordan yesterday, a military spokesman here said tonight.

The spokesman added that the two Israelis crossed the demarcation line at 3 pm yesterday and infiltrated about 12 miles into Jordan in the direction of Petra. The Israelis encountered a Jordanian patrol and were shot and killed, the spokesman continued.

The Israelis were found carrying identity cards, maps in Holoway, and hand grenades. Their bodies are still in Jordan awaiting the arrival of United Nations investigators.—France-Press.

Sputnik I Rocket Death Plunge?

London, Nov. 22.
The rocket which took Russia's first Sputnik up into space may start to come down into the earth's atmosphere tonight or tomorrow, Professor A. C. B. Lovell, who is in charge of the giant radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire, said tonight.

He said its fate after re-entering the atmosphere remained to be seen. It might reach the earth but on the other hand might turn up into a huge "fire ball."

If it came down tonight as a fireball it might be seen over America.

Three Charges

The experiment was performed by the Geophysics Research Directorate of the Air Force Cambridge, Massachusetts, research centre. The Air Force indicated there were three separate "grape-shot" like charges.

Russia's first satellite was launched on October 4. Both Sputnik I and II are circling the earth at an estimated 18,000 miles an hour.

Unlike the satellites, which are orbiting around the world, the two pellets that were tracked did not whirl around the earth but darted out into space.

The meteors were fired from an Aerobee rocket, giving off light 5,000 times brighter than the Soviet satellites.

The announcement said the meteors probably have "gone into interplanetary space." A scientist estimated they would reach the sun, speeding even faster as they came closer, "in about another month."

According to the announcement, the velocity required to crash out of the earth's gravitational pull is 25,000 miles an hour, some 15,000 miles an hour slower than the meteors.

"An excellent photograph of the event was obtained," the announcement said, "by means of the Baker Super-Schmidt meteor camera at Sacramento Peak Observatory in New Mexico."

Air Force scientist Maurice Dubin said only two of the ball bearing-sized aluminium pellets were tracked.

"We had no control on what direction the aluminium pellets would take after the explosion," Dubin said. "I thought they had returned to earth until about noon today."

He said reports received at noon indicated there is "an excellent chance" the pellets headed toward the sun.—United Press.

Sputnik I Rocket Death Plunge?

Professor Lovell said the rocket's speed was increasing. The orbit, which normally took 92 minutes 30 seconds, now took 89 minutes 30 seconds.

"Cut off another two minutes," he added, "and it will have had it."

Professor Lovell described the United States release of a number of artificial meteorites last month as a "very useful experiment."

But he could not compare it to the Russian Sputniks, he added.—Reuter.

'I Will Never Return'—Townsend

Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 22.
Group Captain Peter Townsend, whose name was romantically linked with that of Princess Margaret, stated here today that he would "never return" to England.

Townsend, who is making a world tour by Land-Rover, told reporters here that he would end his trip in Brussels, from where he started. He would then seek a peaceful country to live in after writing a book on his round-the-world journey. The RAF officer yesterday celebrated his 43rd birthday.—France-Press.

METEORS

SHIP SINKS IN ATLANTIC

Genoa, Nov. 22.
The Italian 7,646-ton freighter San Fortunato sank today in a North Atlantic storm but the 32-man crew were saved by another vessel, her owner Luigi Amico said here tonight.

The San Fortunato sank 720 miles west-southwest of the Cape Verde Islands, according to a radio message from the Panamanian ship Providencia picked up at The Hague tonight.

He said the San Fortunato, built 37 years ago by the Bethlehem Steel Company, was on her way from Iskenderun, Turkey, to Hampton Roads, Virginia, with a cargo of chrome ore.—Reuter.

DEFIANT STUDENTS TO LOSE PASSPORTS

Washington, Nov. 22.
The United States is planning to cancel outright the passports of about 32 American students who defied a State Department ban by visiting China.

A State Department spokesman said tonight these students had either not yet returned to America or had not appealed against a decision to make their passports valid only for a return. Another 10 of the 42 students who made the trip had "completed" with this decision.

A State Department spokesman said that when the 60-day period allowed had expired in mid-December the 32 students would be notified that their passports had been cancelled.

He said they would still be able to return to the United States and they would not be punished when they got back, except that if they wanted to travel abroad again "they might find it a little difficult"—Reuter.

Communist Union Election

London, Nov. 22.
Britain's only Communist-led union, the Electrical Workers, has decided to annul the election of a non-Communist candidate to the Executive Committee and named the defeated Communist candidate to his seat, the London evening Star reported today.

The Union Executive Committee has decided on grounds of irregularities to annul the election in all the union branches which gave a majority to Mr. Carson, the non-Communist candidate, the Star said.

Carson was elected as South-east London representative on the Committee by 2,100 votes to 1,800.—France-Press.

EUROPE CANNOT STAND ALONE

Liverpool, Nov. 22.
Mr. Harold Macmillan, British Prime Minister, said tonight that "without the support of the United States, even a united Europe would have little chance of survival."

Addressing a Party rally here, he said: "The interdependence of Europe and its dependence on the United States was not an easy fact for the proud and independent peoples of Europe to accept."

On his recent visit to Washington he found that the US Administration's view was that "even their great country cannot stand alone."

Mr. Macmillan said that the new theme of interdependence and co-operation throughout the free world was one which placed a greater, and not less, responsibility on the British people.

IMPORTANT ROLE

But if Britain were to play an important role in world affairs she "must stand square on her own feet."

The Government meant to see its anti-inflation measures through "no matter how much we are abused or our actions are misrepresented."

"Nothing would be more certain than unemployment on a massive scale if we failed to eradicate inflation from our economic system and to restore stability to our money at home and full confidence in it abroad," he said.—Reuter.

Arabs Raise Oman Question

New York, Nov. 22.
The 11 Arab members of the United Nations today formally reserved their right to ask for another Security Council meeting on the situation in Oman, which they said they viewed with "alarm and deep concern."

The delegations said in a letter to the President of the Council, Mr. Hashim Jawad, that they might ask the 11 nations again to consider "inscribing the question in the agenda and the adoption of any steps the Security Council may under the circumstances decide fit."

Last August, the Security Council took up the issue of British "aggression" in Oman, but declined to include the item on its agenda nor debate.—Reuter.

Sad Notice

Tokyo, Nov. 22.
Tipplers held their heads in anguish today. The National Tax Administration announced that because the rice allocation for sake this year was not sufficient "sake will taste worse than it did last year."—United Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier" RACE 1

Applause, Armament, Caravelle
Outsider:—Quizette.

RACE 2

Blue Train, Million Bonus, Pretender
Outsider:—Gay Minstrel.

RACE 3

Mayfair, Princess Ellen, Fleetfoot
Outsider:—Mascot.

RACE 4

Iron Wing, Courier, Ding Dong
Outsider:—Happy Birthday.

RACE 5

Forward View, Dutch Rocket, Kentucky Lad
Outsider:—Thousand Miles.

RACE 6

Gigha, Cover Girl, Shillilagh
Outsider:—Sea Raider.

RACE 7

Jezebel, Cirrus, Another Victory
Outsider:—Reynard.

RACE 8

Huntington, Fighting Spirit, Temptation
Outsider:—Can Do.

By "The Turf" RACE 1

Quizette, Applause, Machine Charger
Outsider:—Caravelle.

RACE 2

Million Bonus, Blue Train, Mademoiselle
Outsider:—Pretender.

RACE 3

Mayfair, Princess Blossom, Mascot
Outsider:—How Do I Know.

RACE 4

Iron Wing, Angel's Pearl, Ding Dong
Outsider:—Happy Birthday.

RACE 5

Thousand Miles, Dutch Rocket, Empire Rose
Outsider:—Tonyber.

RACE 6

Sea Raider, Gigha, Shillilagh
Outsider:—Fox Hunter.

RACE 7

Reynard, Jezebel, Free Success
Outsider:—Sunstroke.

RACE 8

Temptation, Fighting Spirit, Can Do
Outsider:—Can Do.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 6
Sometimes used for getting Patrick out of scrapes.
Our Teaser Tip for the last meeting was "His name indicates an obliging sort" (As You Wish) in Race 8 won and paid \$8.00 for a win and \$8.40 for a place.

US SOLDIER CHARGED WITH MURDER

Tokyo, Nov. 22.
United States authorities tonight announced that Specialist Third Class Gregory Kupeki, Jr., aged 25, of Detroit, Michigan, had confessed to the murder of Miss Kazuo Hikawa, 25, on the night of November 16. The body of Miss Kazuo Hikawa, was found in an alley in Yokohama, near Tokyo, by a militiaman on November 17.

Kupeki, who had been questioned by Japanese and American police officers for two days, was formally charged with the Japanese girl's murder and remanded into custody shortly after he signed a written statement in which he confessed to the crime.—Reuter.

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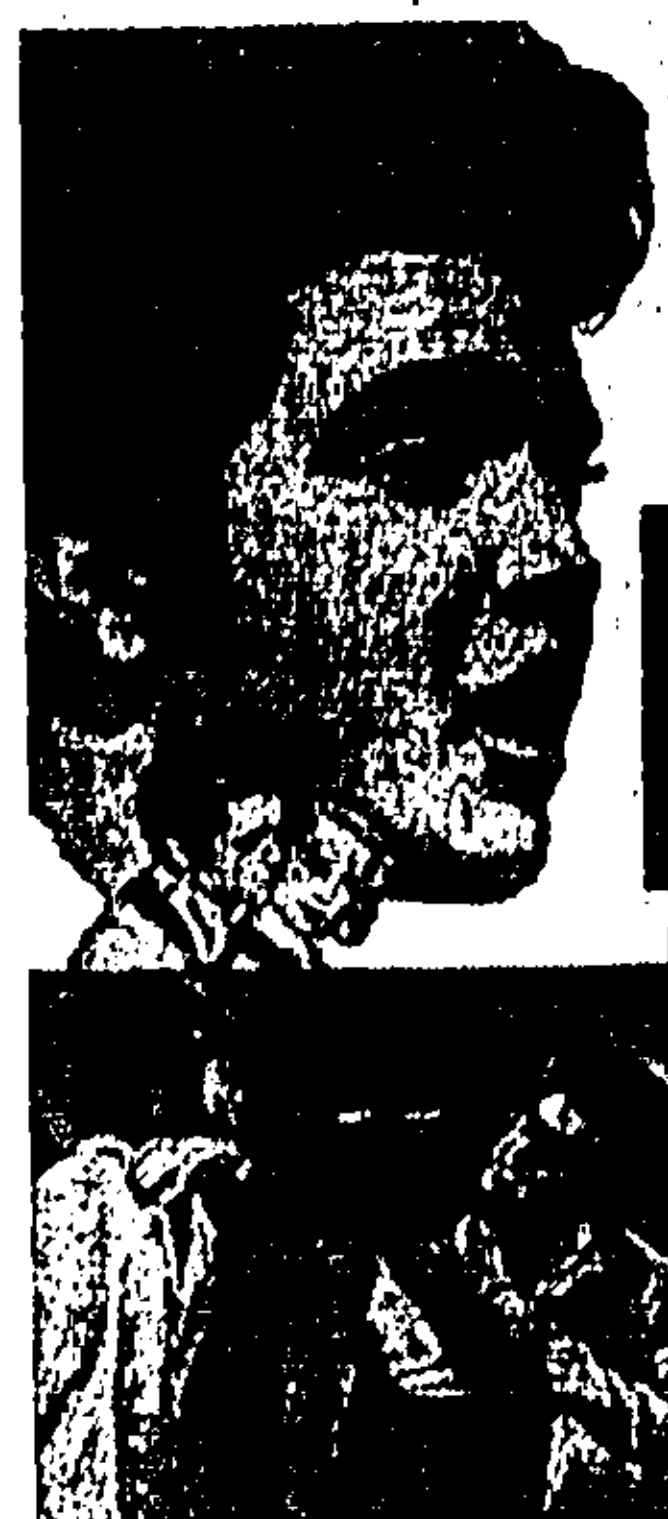
Extra Quality Very Dry **Reims**

A Champagne to Remember

Imported by **CALBECK MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.**

KING'S PRINCESS

OPENS TO-DAY



You'll love Elvis in
LOVING YOU
A HAL WALLIS Production

ELVIS PRESLEY
LIZBETH SCOTT
WENDELL COREY

7 GREAT SONGS
"LOVING YOU" "HOT DOGS"
"LONELY COWBOY"
"LET ME BE YOUR TEDDY BEAR"
"GET A LOT OF LOVE TO DO"
"MADAM WOMAN BLUES"
"LET'S HAVE A PARTY"

You'll love ELVIS
in his first big
modern musical in
TECHNICOLOR

Elvis is sensational as a kid who sings
and fights his way to fame!

Directed by HAL KANTER • Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and HAL KANTER • From a Story by
Mary Agnes Thompson • A Paramount Picture

TO-MORROW: SPECIAL MORNING SHOW AT 11 A.M.
20th Century-Fox Variety Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S

TO-MORROW AT 12 NOON

SPECIAL MATINEE

Mahashakti Films present
The Funniest & Most Hilarious Film Ever!
"JURU KA BHAI"

Starring: Balraj Sahani, Sheila Ramani, Johnny Walker,
Rashid Khan and introducing Vijay Anand
Produced & Directed by Chotan Anand
Music by Jaidev — Songs by B. N. Sharma
Dances by B. Prashad — 10 Hit Tunes

At Regular Admission — Please Book Early!

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

SPECIAL MATINEE

M-G-M present
Stewart Granger • Elizabeth Taylor • Pator Ustinov • Robert Morley
in **"BEAU BRUMMELL"** in colour

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.



TONY CURTIS • MARISA PAVAN • GILBERT ROLAND

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR FOX TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m.
Miss Hung Sin-nui

"SEARCH OF SCHOOL"
A Chinese Picture
In Eastman Color

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Robert MITCHUM
Gilbert ROLAND

"BANDIDO"
Released thru United Artists

At Reduced Prices

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A LONDON CABBY'S SPREE

20,000 Bees Get Notice To Quit BAD NEIGHBOURS

LONDON. TWENTY thousand bees are appealing to the Transport and General Workers' Union, through Mr Frederick Cardy, 59-year-old farm worker, who owns them.

Their hive is at the bottom of his council house garden at Stansfield, Suffolk, and he denies that they are "bad neighbours." But Clare Rural Council has sent him a suspended notice to quit—either the bees go, by December 31, or he goes.

The Facts

Said Mr Cardy: "I am sending the facts to the union. This is a test case for every tenant who likes 'home grown' honey." Nobody had been stung, he said, and the only "bad neighbour" complaint came from a woman who said the bees buzzed near her baby's pram. He had already destroyed four hives—and about 80,000 bees—with sulphur fumes. "The council cannot know anything about bees," Mr Cardy added, "for they have offered me a site for the hive only 30 yards away. Yet bees will fly up to five miles in their search for pollen."

A Nuisance

Mr John Allpress, clerk to the council, said: "The bees are a discomfort and an annoyance to the neighbours and a nuisance is being created. We tried to be considerate by our offer of an alternative site." TAILPIECE.—The clerk's letter refers to "one hive and the bees appertaining thereto." Beekeepers reckon that a hive contains 20,000 bees in winter and up to 80,000 in summer.

Telegraphic Tabloids

Sidewalk shoeshine boys have joined the ranks of vanishing Americans in Raleigh. The City Council adopted an ordinance forbidding anyone to shine shoes on city streets or sidewalks.—United Press.

Cleveland. This has been a month of indecision for school principal John W. McNabb. He has submitted his third letter of resignation in three weeks.—United Press.

Los Angeles. Firemen hurried to a downtown restaurant to extinguish a reported kitchen fire. The pieces of food, blazing away in a faulty toaster already was burned beyond recognition.—United Press.

The Whale That Went Adrift

SKEGNESS. That Lincolnshire holiday resort to which the jovial old salt of the posters is always inviting visitors, had its biggest visitor of the year last week.

All 30 ft of him. True, he arrived out of season. And he was not quite at Skegness. For Willie, the whale that lost its way, arrived at Gibraltar Point, 3½ miles away from the resort that is so bracing. Not that Willie found it invigorating. The outgoing tide left him high, dried and lonesome on the mud flats.

PLAYFUL MOOD. He had been in such a playful mood, floating around and blowing columns of water in the air.

Then his tail got stuck. Slowly the water ebbed away. The RSPCA inspector Harry Fitzcock and a team of volunteers dashed 40 miles from Lincoln to set Willie on course again.

With the aid of a tractor they were to pull the whale that went adrift back to a point where he can "swell on the tide in the morning."

IN CHICAGO

A Fare's Generosity

Fulfills His

Yearning To Travel

Chicago. LONDON taxi driver Jack Wall and his wife Rose are "fair livin' it up" in Chicago because five months ago he confided to a 35s. "fare" from London Airport to the Strand his yearning to go to America.

The "fare"—a British shipowner—had said in the Strand, "When you are ready to go, just let me know, my dear fellow."

To 50-year-old Jack Wall it was just a joke. It was 10 years since he had taken Rose to the seaside for four days. It was Rose Wall, also 50, who saw the possibility of the situation. "A man of that calibre wouldn't say anything if he didn't mean it," she told Jack—not once but many times. And so Jack rummaged through his pockets, found a visiting card, called on the "fare," and shyly reminded him of his promise he made in the Strand.

Travel

He reflected. He had said that night in May, "Been travelling far, Guvnor?" The "fare" had said: "The Far East." And that had started Jack Wall on his favourite subject—the romance of far-away travel. The "fare" had listened politely to the London cabbie's ideas of what it must be like in the big cities of the United States.

He made only one comment: "When you are ready to go, let me know."

So here was Jack, facing him with it. The promise was kept. A month ago Jack and Rose Wall sailed off to America in the freighter King Theobald in the private cabin of the London Airport "fare"—the owner of the ship.

Impression

Today staying with relatives in Chicago, the Walls have already gone through their £100 traveller's allowance, their entire savings.

Breezy Chicago, with its teeming, rough and ready crowds—"the most American of all American cities"—made this impression on Jack Wall:

"My wife spent all our money on presents. But we've been winced and dined all the time. The American TV people come to you and say, 'You're wonderful—a real, live London cabbie.' So it's all rather bewildering. Bewildering, that's what I call it."

"But of course I see Chicago from my own driving wheel, if you know what I mean. Traffic's much worse in London, yet here there are more cars and they move faster. "I almost said to one taxi man, 'Chum, let's have a go at the wheel,' and he said, 'Trouble is Limey don't know nuttin' about traffic in this here country.' "I weighed 14½ stone when I came here. Now I'm ten pounds heavier. "Rose said I'd have to take it off again because of fittin' my suit."

Shop windows

And Rose, whom Chicago sapped of all her money? She said: "It's this window dressin'. They don't half do it up. It makes you go on and buy everything. And that's that. I did. I've only £2 of our £100 left, but Jack didn't say anything. The Walls will sail back home in a fortnight on the King Theobald. Again they will be treated as if they owned the ship. They will be in the owner's suite. Jack Wall will again imagine he is the captain and Rose will say she feels she's a very important person. They have sent picture postcards of Chicago to the owner. But they never mention his name. That was part of the bargain.

Walter Blow, probably felt foolish when he pleaded innocent in Federal Court to charges of not filing income tax returns for 1954 and 1955. Blow is a tax adviser.—United Press.

"Conversing Travellers' Association"

ONE WAY TO BREAK THE ICE ON A BUS

LONDON. At least one man in London wants to end the grim picture of people sitting morosely on trains, buses and airplanes, staring straight ahead with an expression as if their six best friends had just died.

Francis Albert Gullick, 47, is talking up an organisation called "The Conversing Travellers' Association" (CTA).

With a committee of seven equally voluble assistants, Gullick said he is attempting to revive the 10-year-old CTA to encourage people to talk to each other on public transportation to relieve the monotony.

English Shy?

"Englishmen may be shy but they are not reserved," Gullick said bravely. "They do like to talk and once the ice is broken, they chat pleasantly enough."

Gullick has obtained 1,000 CTA badges—blue and white enamelled lapel and tie badges—for members to wear while travelling. The idea is to identify CTA members to avoid unpleasant scenes which might result when a male CTA member suddenly begins chatting with the pretty girl next to him.

According to the organisation rules drawn up by Gullick and his committee:

Members should wear badges to show they are willing to talk. Members should not display badges unless they are willing to talk.

Members should not continue conversations at journey's end except by mutual consent.

Members must be persons who can converse with ease with total strangers while travelling.—United Press.

Against skin disease and itching

Mitigal

AQUININE BAYEN PRODUCT, MANUFACTURED IN LIECHTENSTEIN, GERMANY

We Cried When The Kitten Was Tortured

LONDON. A NINE-YEAR-OLD boy picked up a kitten and wrung its neck, then threw stones at it till died, it was said last week. Chief Inspector Charles Morrison, of the RSPCA, said at King's Lynn that the boy's seven-year-old brother told him he cried while the kitten was being tortured.

Another boy, aged six, said the kitten cried. "It made me cry," he added.

But the nine-year-old denied causing the kitten unnecessary suffering. He said the six-year-old killed it. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

New York. Walter Blow, probably felt foolish when he pleaded innocent in Federal Court to charges of not filing income tax returns for 1954 and 1955. Blow is a tax adviser.—United Press.

ROXY & BROADWAY

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.



ROBERT WAGNER • JOAN COLLINS • EDMOND O'BRIEN

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW, EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
"STOPOVER: TOKYO"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

• TO-DAY •



JAMES DEAN PLAYS HIMSELF IN
THE JAMES DEAN STORY

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE—presented by WARNER BROS.

• ADDED ATTRACTION •

"THE IRON TRAIL"

Starring

CLINT WALKER • DANI CRAYNE

An action-packed Featurette of the Wild Frontier

• SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS •

QUEEN'S at 11.30 a.m.

M-G-M's

"WIZARD OF OZ"

Starring Judy Garland
in Technicolor

ALHAMBRA at 11.00 a.m.

Columbia presents

"3 STOOGIES COMEDIES"

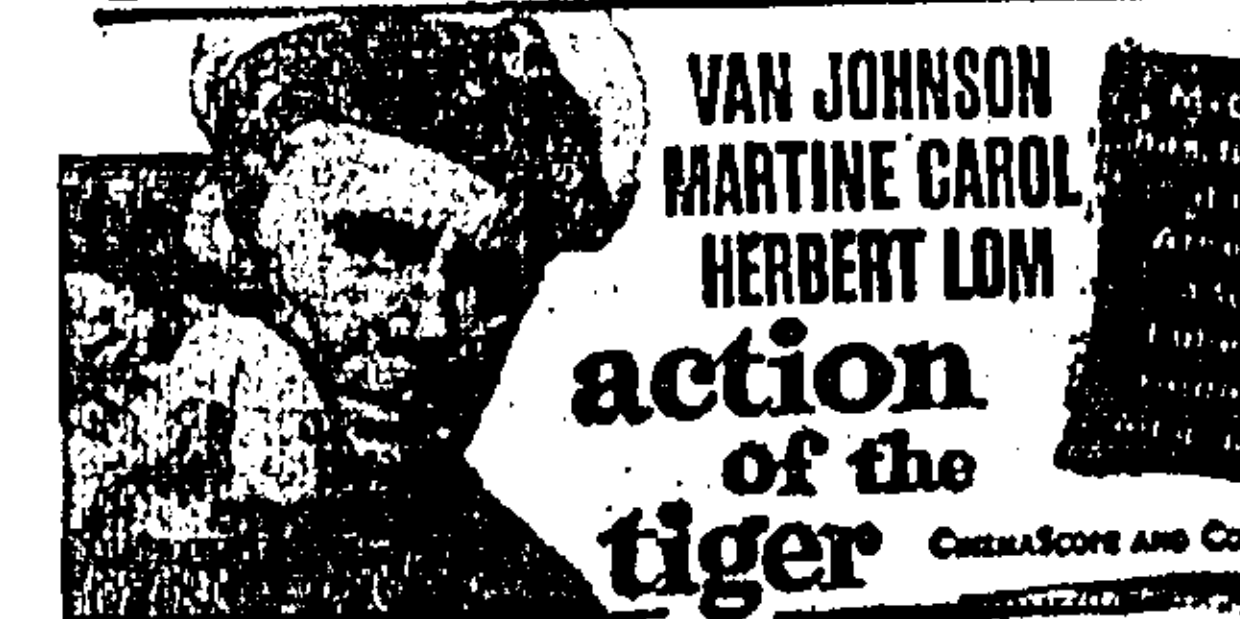
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Filmed on location in Athens and hills of Albania.

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon

Walt Disney's
Color Cartoon Feature
"PINOCCHIO"
in CinemaScope

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Laurel & Hardy in
"DANCING MASTERS"
and 20th Century-Fox
Cartoons

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SEE the First Tarzan Film
in Colour & CinemaScope.

ALL NEW
TARZAN
AND THE
LOST SAFARI
FIRST TIME IN COLOUR
LORDS OF THE JUNGLE
ROBERT HATTI
DANCE SONGS
WITH 16 SONGS
MUSIC BY THE WHITE



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW 12.30

"BODAN" in Eastman Color

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW 12.30

"20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA"

CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

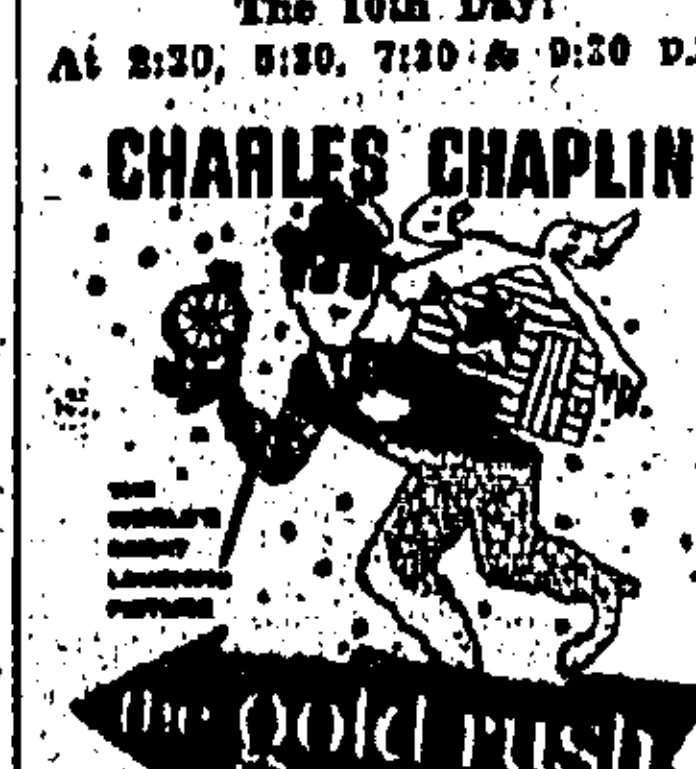


TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.30 a.m.

James STEWART & JOHN AGAR
in "SHRINKING MAN"
in Technicolor

TO-MORROW
Robert RYAN & MAEL POWERS
in "CITY BEHIND THE SEA"
in Technicolor

NOW SHOWING
The 10th Day!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 11.30 a.m.

Charles CHAPLIN
in "THE GOLD RUSH"

TO-MORROW
Robert RYAN & MAEL POWERS
in "CITY BEHIND THE SEA"
in Technicolor

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Out Of The Frying Pan Into The Pond

JEANNIE, 12, SAVES LITTLE DOG NAP UNDER FIRE

London. **TWELVE-YEAR-OLD** Jeannie Dixon, wounded in the leg by an airgun slug, shielded her mongrel Nap with her body because she thought he was going to be shot.

Another slug hit her in the back, and she ran crying to her home in Ashington's Wansbeck-terrace—still carrying her four-year-old dog.

"I couldn't see Nap hurt. I tried to protect him," said Jeannie, daughter of miner Mr. Bob Dixon, last week.

The pellets were fired by two boys aged 15 and 13. In Ashington Juvenile Court last week they were each fined £1 for discharging a firearm in a public place and 10s. for having no gun licence.

Next...

One pellet broke the skin on Jeannie's leg, the other caused inflammation on her back, said Superintendent Walter Turnbull.

Her mother, 37-year-old Mrs. Mary Dixon, said last week: "Jeannie is very keen on pets. She has a goldfish, a canary, and this semi-greyhound pup we bought for £1 from the parents of one of her school friends."

Mrs. Dixon added: "She was Nap fanatically. He was definitely her dog. I had been out shopping and found her crying, but happy that Nap was safe."

Next, blue-eyed Jeannie hopes to get a pony. She wants to be a nurse when she leaves school.

A FISHY TAIL THAT ENDED UP HAPPILY

One, two, three, four, five
Once I caught a fish alive....
Now I cannot let him go
I have grown to love him so....

London. Oswald, a tench who escaped the frying-pan by the flick of his tail—is going to have his own private pond.

In the sunken splendour of a £270 luxury home Oswald will live out his fishy life with no more worries of ending up on someone's breakfast table.

The strange story of Britain's luckiest fish began at Kildermunster when Oswald fell for the bait on angler George Clay's line.

Then only another anonymous Worcester-shire tench, he was one reptonously wrapped in a piece of paper and thrown into the boat of a car.

In the bath

Mr. Clay, 34-year-old public works contractor, drove 270 miles to his home in Ponteland, Northumberland.

It was 17 hours later when Mr. Clay slipped the tench on the kitchen table and told his wife: "Here's a nice 2lb. tench for breakfast."

Mrs. Gwen Clay unwrapped him, picked up a knife to chop off his head—and the fish wriggled. He was still alive.

The Clays didn't have the heart to eat him. They christened him Oswald and put him in their bath, planning to return him to a river or lake.

But Oswald so quickly became one of the family that the

thought of him ending up on someone other angler's hook was too much, and baby daughter Beverly insisted "He's a nice fish, mummy, don't send him away."

Goodnight

Mrs. Clay said last week: "After all that Oswald has been through it doesn't seem right to put him back where he might be caught again. He's getting to be a real family pet now, and I'm sure he knows us. He lets us stroke him and Beverly always kisses him goodnight."

So Mr. Clay is paying a landscaper gardener £270 to lay out in his front garden a sunken pond—especially for Oswald.

IT'S INVISIBLE

Madera. Don't you believe it—yet—when you see signs in Madera warning of radar traffic control.

The City Council decided it does not have enough money to buy radar equipment. However, they agreed to keep motorists on their guard by erecting signs warning of radar control.—United Press.



What a pain in the neck!

When a giraffe gets something wrong with its neck it really knows it. And when it's a star circus performer as well only the best attention is good enough. X-rays showed this one to be suffering from a bone injury while it was appearing in a circus at Coblenz, Germany.

So Professor Watermann of the Dusseldorf Orthopaedic Clinic was called in. Here he is using yards of bandage while an assistant feeds the animal with kibbles.

Business Is Booming At The

NO SMOKING

Cinema

London. Business is booming at London's non-smoking cinema, the Classic at Tooting.

At the Tooting Vogue, where the same film is being shown, but without a smoking ban, takings are poor.

The two cinemas, owned by the same group, have been given the same film to show so that the owners can compare the popularity of smoking and non-smoking.

After checking Monday's figures Mr. Jack Vaughan, manager of the Classic, said: "In spite of the weather we did very well indeed. Since we've started having two non-smoking days a week, the takings haven't dropped off at all."

'Not our type'

"The indications are that this experiment is going to prove the success of the scheme, but we shall have to be absolutely sure before making it permanent."

An official of the Vogue said: "Business is terrible—we've never been so quiet."

"But that may be due to the fact that this isn't really our type of film. Our patrons like lots of action and fighting, so Frank Sinatra in *The Tender Trap* isn't likely to appeal to them."

"From tomorrow we and the Classic will be showing *Quentin Durward* and that should give us a much better opportunity to compare results."

He Was Taken To Hospital

5ft 2in WRAC BEATS UP A RED CAP

London.

A 18-year-old, fair-haired Wrac, just 5 ft. 2 in. tall, was sentenced to 28 days' detention last week—for beating up a 6 ft. 1 in. military policeman in a brawl outside a public house.

And at her Catterick court martial Lance-Corporal Anthony Hutton, ruefully recalled the night he set his red cap squarely on his head and set about arresting her.

It looked a simple job for a burly six-footer... the trouble-maker at the Richmond (Yorks) pub, Private Mavis Ashton, did not come up to his shoulder.

Kicked

But when the hand of the Army law reached out for Private Mavis this is what happened:—

She kicked Lance-Corporal Hutton on the legs; She kicked him in the stomach; She kicked him in the back; She pulled off his red cap and jumped on it.

And the burly policeman ended up in hospital.

The Fighting Wrac herself went quickly when WOMEN red caps took over. She gently laid her head on a Wrac lance corporal's lap and fell fast asleep. For Private Mavis was drunk.

There wasn't a thing she remembered, she told the court martial, after leaving the music room of a pub where a demob party was in full swing.

Hit Him

Lance-Corporal Hutton filled in the gaps. Private Mavis, he said, was in the pub arguing with the landlord. Her bottle-dress blouse was undone. Her shirt was hanging out.

"I took her to the door, but she broke away," he said. "Another military policeman helped to get her out."

NEW RAIN MACHINE TESTED

London.

A new rain-making machine is being tested in 18 different countries between now and January.

The machines—developed by a Sydney scientist—make rain in a small quantity of normal air. Tests under different conditions will tell scientists more about the causes of rain.

Interest in rain-making has intensified throughout the world following successful experiments in Australia during the drought of the last few weeks.

CROPS SAVED

Scientists have saved stock and crops worth thousands of pounds by artificially seeding cloud formations to make rain. This method produced 2in. of rain in one area where there had been no rainfall for six months.

But the success of this method depends on suitable cloud formations. The new device may lead to rain-making under any conditions.

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THE FIRST SELFWINDING WATCH WITH

39 Jewels and Jewel Roller-Bearings

With its 39 jewels—twice the number boasted by most high quality watches—and its revolutionary winding system, this is indeed a far superior time-keeper. It winds itself by GYROTRON, jewel roller-bearing / freewheel / automatic coupling / rotation inverter, all in one, invented and used exclusively by Girard-Perregaux. So sensitive is the Gyrotron that the slightest movement of your wrist winds the lifetime mainspring, keeps it at an even tension, resulting in absolute reliability and amazing accuracy.

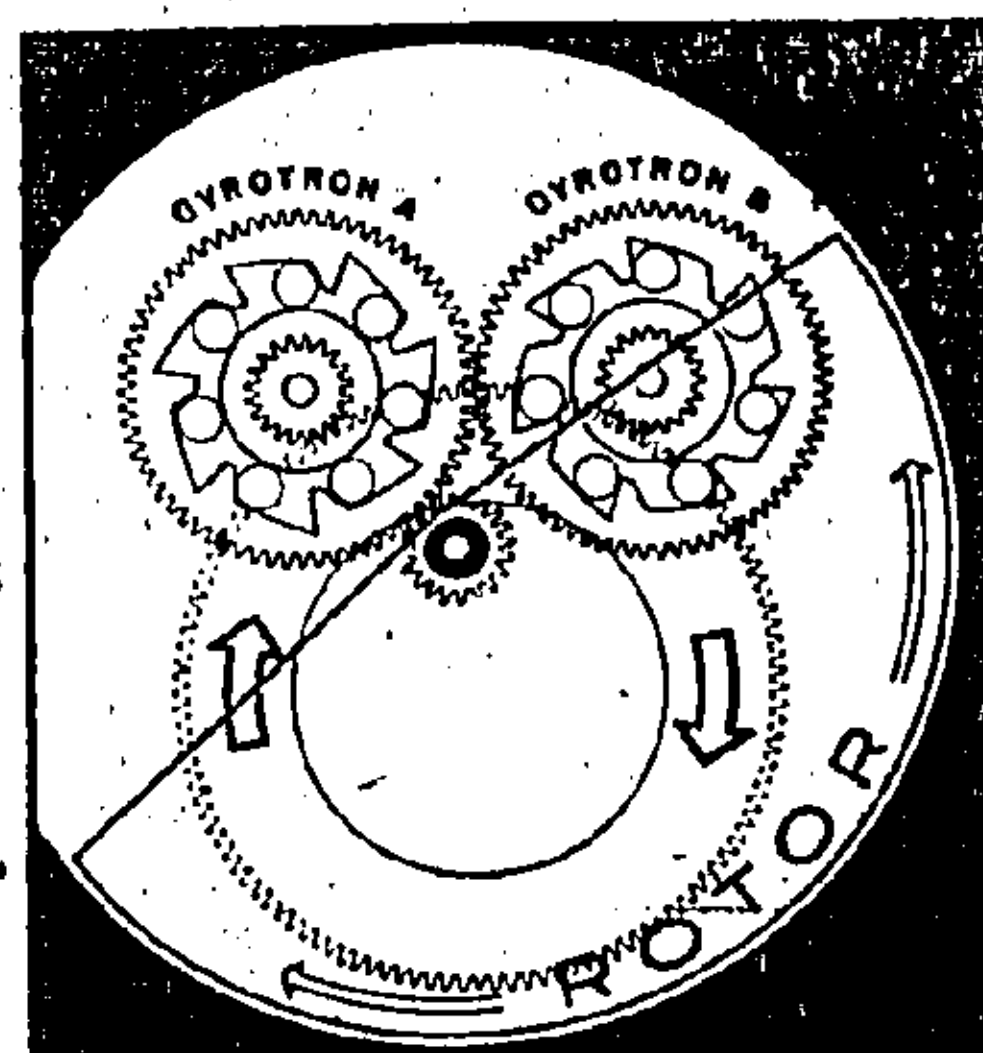
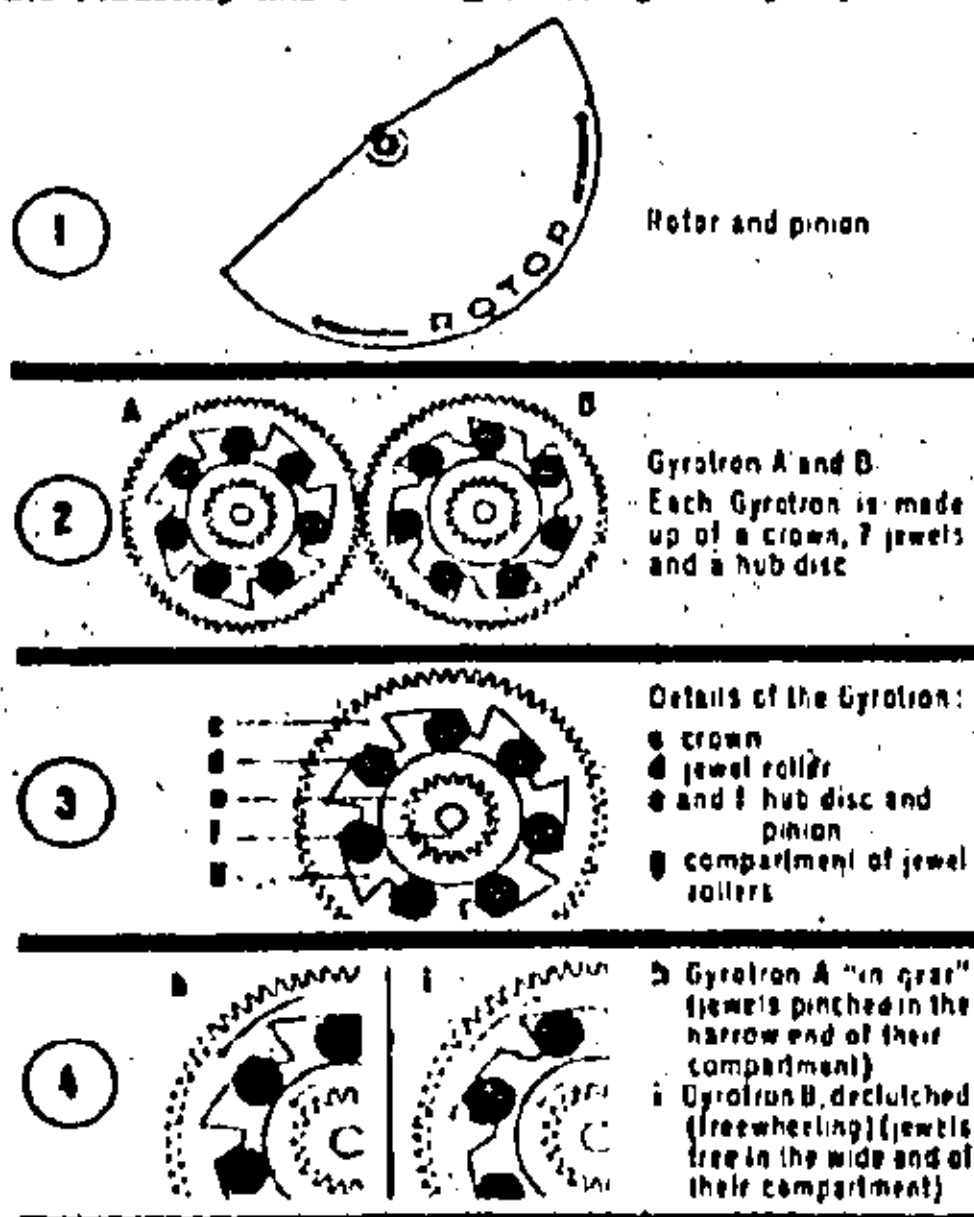
Functions of the GYROTRON

A Girard-Perregaux invention (Patents pending)

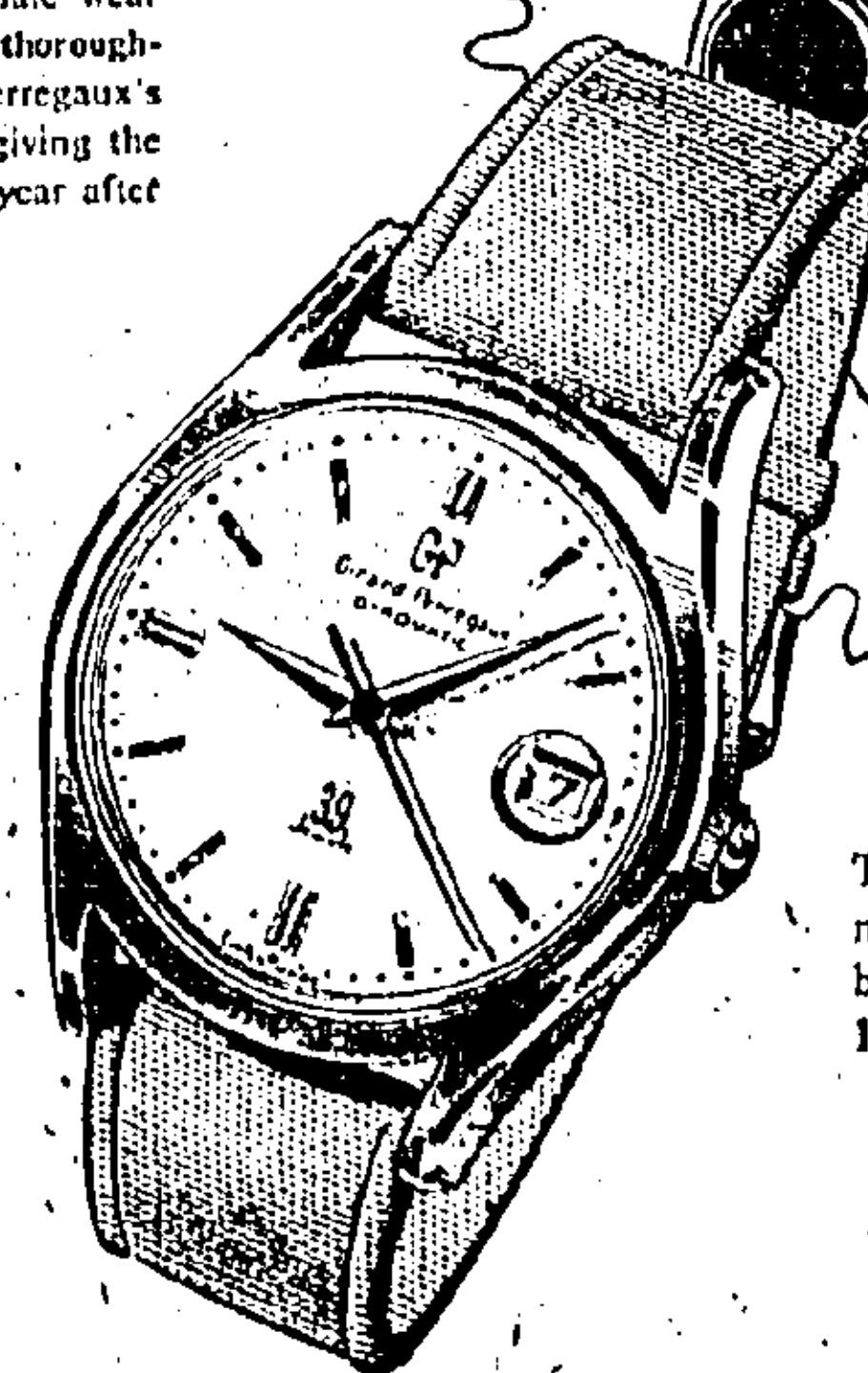
The rotor (1) is a piece of heavy metal, half-moon shaped, that swings to the right or left with every movement of the watch. When the rotor swings, its pinion turns the crowns of Gyrotrons A and B (2) in opposite directions.

In the large illustration, it is supposed that the rotor turns clockwise. The crown (3) of Gyrotron A turns anticlockwise (black arrow), the jewel rollers (4) move into the narrow end of their compartments (compartment (5)) where they are pinched against the hub disc (6) which then turns in the same direction as the crown. Gyrotron A is thus in gear (7).

A pinion (8) fixed on the hub disc turns the yellow winding-up wheel (9) in the direction of the arrows. Simultaneously, the crown of Gyrotron B turns clockwise (black arrow). The jewel rollers fall into the wide end of their compartment and free the hub disc of Gyrotron B, which is then freewheeling (10). When the rotor turns in the opposite direction, Gyrotron A is freewheeling and it is then Gyrotron B which, being in gear, turns the yellow winding-up wheel, always in the same direction.



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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Princess Alexandra (who will be 21 on Christmas Day) at the "London University Goat Club" ... a club for overseas students.



Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik and British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

One-in-a-million Yvonne Brennan, aged 9, ready to start school again last week with a farthing-sized hole in her chest through which she will breathe until she is 18—when doctors think they will have cured a rare suffocating disease in her windpipe.



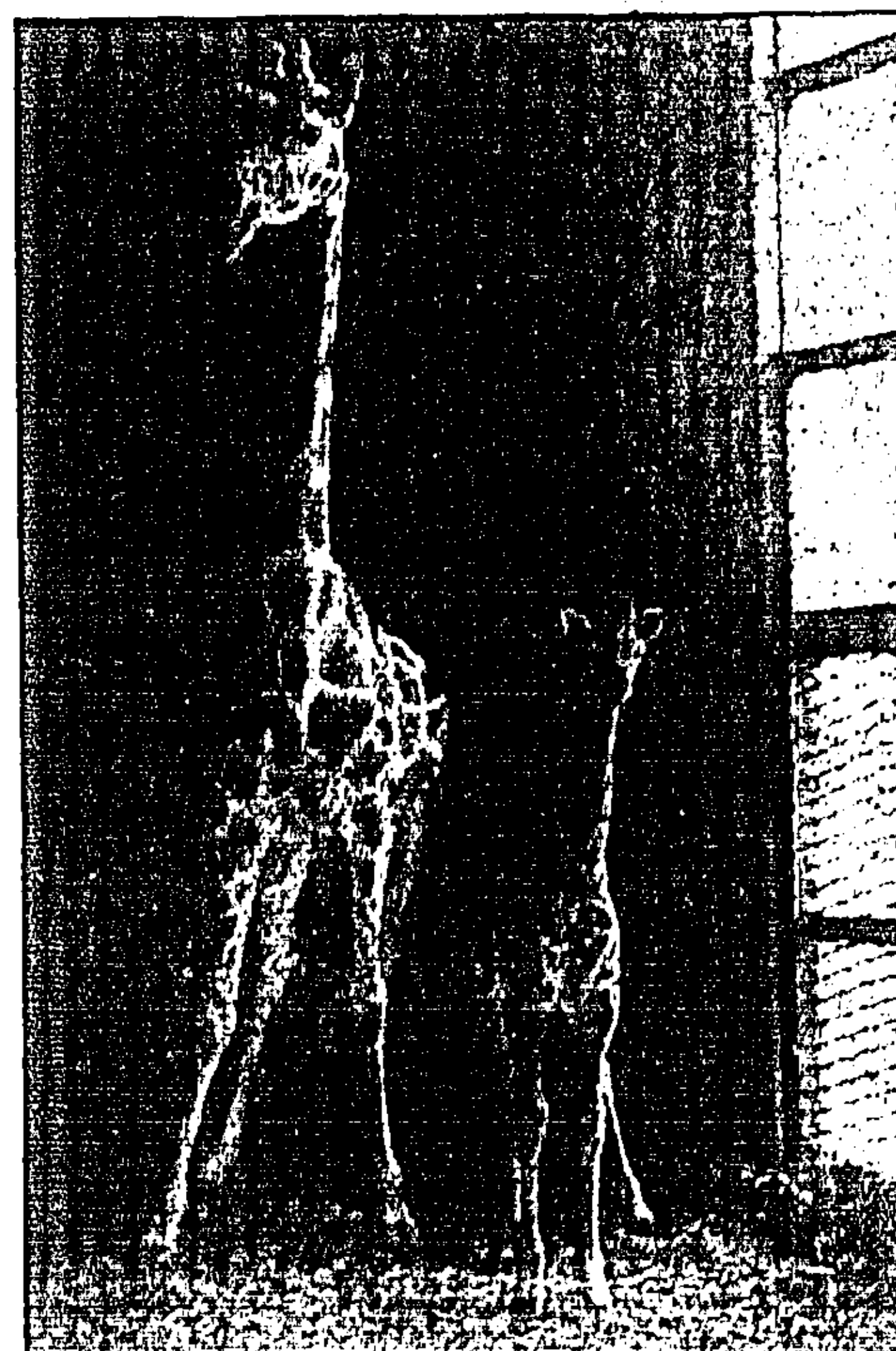
Eva Bartok, 27-year-old Hungarian film actress has given birth to a baby girl in a London nursing home. Currently single, Miss Bartok has been married four times. After the birth she flew off to Munich to start work on another film.

Guests of honour, Judy Garland and Earl Attlee at a Variety Club luncheon when £500 was presented to his Bermondsey Boys' Club.



Donald Campbell at speed on Coniston Water where his jet propelled Bluebird raised the water speed record to 239mph.

Sir John Harding at home says "My detective doesn't want you to name my house or my village. It might not be wise." But he takes a glass of cider made by the village pub from apples from his own garden.



First baby to be baptised at the Battle of Britain memorial chapel, Biggin Hill, with her mother Mrs Michael Pallister. The "Battle of Britain" station may close as an operational RAF station soon, but the chapel will continue.

Jennifer, one-month-old giraffe at Whipsnade Zoo loves publicity, but her mother rarely ventures out into camera view. In fact it took keepers two months to persuade her into a travelling box for the journey from London to Whipsnade before the birth.

Two-year, sixth husband Baron Gottfried von Cramm says "Divorce—nonsense!" as the New York World Telegram and Sun reports heiress Barbara Hutton once more on the road to Reno.

Prince Peter of Greece, 48-year-old cousin of Prince Philip, at his Belgravia home where he has written a 500,000-word thesis for a doctorate of anthropology ... "Fascinating subject—polyandry." (Express Pictures)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



Zanies Of The Ring—7

By GILBERT ODD

Cattle Killer

WORLD heavyweight champion Max Baer sat smiling in his corner at the Chicago Stadium. He beamed down at the Pressmen on either side, he playfully poked his trainer in the ribs, he waved a gloved fist at his opponent across the ring, King Levinsky.

"You can play around as much as you like tonight, Maxie," said manager Anell Hoffman. "This is an exhibition bout, so enjoy yourself. I don't care what you do as long as you don't break your neck. You're too valuable to me for that."

Baer grinned back. He was getting well paid for a four-rounds bout with the local favorite. "Twice previously he'd given the Kingfish a points beating, now he'd make him look a mug in front of his own fans."

Over in the other corner they were pouring advice into Levinsky's big ears. "Listen King," they said, "One good swipe on the whiskers and the title's yours. He hasn't been near a gymnasium since he won the championship six months ago. Foot him around with a left jab for the first two minutes and then knock him out."

Then Kingfish nodded. It seemed a good idea. Baer owed him something for those two lickings he'd taken. Besides, everybody had told Levinsky that he was sure to be champ one day. Perhaps this was the day.

The bell changed and out came Baer. He twirled an imaginary moustache, hitched up his trunk, pulled his hands deep into his gloves and then looked astonished as Levinsky planted a heavy left jab full in his face.

★ The clown

Maxie raised an admonishing finger, only to receive another jab that flattened his nose. Levinsky was darting round scoring at will, and it now dawned on Baer that his rival didn't mean to play.

He nodded at the King. "You wanta make a fight of it?" he asked. And got the swift answer with another left jab and a heavy right that landed on his left ear.

After his rival went the champion but his limbs were lead-heavy, his arms moved sluggishly, and all the time he was being punched to ribbons.

At the end of the first round Maxie returned to his corner

in a blazing temper. "What's that big bozo think he's trying to do?" he demanded of his manager. "I thought this was an exhibition."

"He's trying to knock you cold," observed Hoffman. "He's double-crossed you Maxie. Get out there and nail him quick, or else we're in a lot of trouble."

Baer couldn't wait for the bell. He stood up, pounded one glove against the other, keenly watching the time-keeper. The playboy had vanished, the killer had stepped into his shoes.

★ The pitch

No sooner had the time-keeper raised his hand to touch the bell than Maxie was across the ring. The only way he could trap Levinsky was before he had a chance to move.

As the Kingfish rose from his stool, Maxie reached his chin with a left swing. Levinsky went reeling into the ropes, his hands at his sides.

Baer unleashed four terrific right-handers. They were real haymakers and everyone sizzled home. His rival hadn't time to put up an intervening glove.

He took each one solidly on the chin. Then he pitched forward, like a man diving into a pool.

Under the rules of the Illinois State Commission, had he knocked Baer out Levinsky could justifiably have claimed the world title—even though the fight was an exhibition bout.

Maxie gave him a sour look, turned on his heel, and went to his corner.

His handlers helped him into his dressing-gown and without any gesture to the fans he

slipped through the ropes and departed leaving the officials to administer to the unconscious Kingfish, and the fans to gaze with astonishment mingled with admiration.

That was Maxie Baer—Jekyll and Hyde of the ring. Playboy one moment, Killer the next. He never seemed to be able to hit the middle line of sober sanity.

He just couldn't take life seriously. Had he been able to steady himself out of the ring, he would have finished up a much richer man than he is today, and his tenure of the world heavyweight title would have been a lot longer than the bare 12 months it lasted.

But life had to be just one long round of zany gaiety for Baer. On his way up the ladder he played almost as hard as he worked. When he was on top, he cut out the work and played harder, and he's fooled around ever since.

Max was the son of a Omaha butcher. But he didn't keep a shop. Baer senior slaughtered cattle by the hundreds for the big Chicago meat warehouses, and as soon as Max could get away from school he was put into the business.

Soon he had earned a reputation as a dangerous man with his fists, news that brought along Steve Lorrimer, who had little difficulty in persuading Maxie that life could be a lot more pleasant if he turned professional under his management.

★ The girls

So Baer deserted butchering for the prize-ring, and was never sorry that he made the change. Exercising his big muscles in the gym was fun; swiping opponents on the chin for money was even funnier.

A good-looking young man with smiling eyes, crimped hair, and the body of an Adonis doesn't have to go girl-chasing. With his ring earnings, Maxie could wine them and dine them. The rest, and more, he spent on building up a fabulous wardrobe.

Then came a fight with Frankie Campbell, another up-and-coming lad, at San Francisco.



Max Baer with his father Jacob Baer.

It started off as just another contest on one of promoter Anell Hoffman's regular shows but midway through the fifth Baer went berserk.

Taking a stinging punch from Campbell, Max tossed back a long right that sent Frankie reeling into the ropes, jammed in a neutral corner—his left arm over the top strand, the back of his head against the ring post.

He was out on his feet. Only his entangled arm prevented him from sliding to the canvas.

But Baer did not see this. Uttering his characteristic war cry, he dashed at Campbell and pitched into his defenceless rival with relentless fury.

They didn't like the look of Campbell when they picked him up. He failed to respond to treatment in the corner so they carried him to the dressing-room.

Failing to regain consciousness there, he was rushed to hospital. And next morning Baer had to answer a charge of manslaughter.

Bail was set at 10,000 dollars. Max hadn't 10, so Hoffman found the money. Baer was greatly distressed at Campbell's death, but felt happier when the unfortunate fighter's mother said to him: "It's all right, Max. It could easily have been you."

Baer was acquitted but suspended from boxing for six months. Hoffman bought two-thirds of his contract off Lorrimer and with 5,000 dollars in his pocket, his share of the transaction, Max went off to Reno for a holiday and to forget.

★ Line and

There he met Dorothy Dunbar, who was busy getting a divorce. She was a cool, elegant woman, and Maxie felt—hook, line and sinker.

He wasn't at all abashed when she told him that she'd never heard of Max Baer. "You sure will mighty soon," Max laughingly told her. "Will you marry me before I'm champ or wait until I've won the title?"

"Let me see you win your next contest," she replied. "Then I'll be able to judge you better."

Maxie could barely wait for his suspension period to end. He wanted to show Dorothy what a great fighter he was. What's more, the 5,000 dollars hadn't lasted five minutes.

To get enough to tide him over, Baer sold 10 per cent of his future earnings as a fighter to the Jacklich Brothers, two Oakland businessmen. He didn't

think it wise to tell them he'd already got two managers.

During the remainder of his hectic career Baer frequently sold portions of his earnings for ready cash. At one time he had parted with 125 per cent of himself, and when a court attorney asked him how he had come to do it, Maxie replied:

"I'm a great fighter. I reckon I'm worth 25 per cent more than any of the others. My real name's Maximilian Baer. They only call me Maxie now, but it won't be long before I make a million."

★ The killer

With his mind on Dorothy Dunbar, Baer lost four fights in his next six, but she married him just the same. Those who beat him were classy boxers. When he came up against a fighter Max could always outslug him.

Every now and again the killer instinct arose in him as it did in his return fight with Ernie Schaaf. The big Boston heavy had taken a points verdict off Baer in New York

but when they met in Chicago 18 months later poor Schaaf suffered an unmerciful beating. Baer had thrown the first fight away with his fooling about to amuse the fans. This time he pitched into his rival with such ferocity that only the final bell saved Ernie from being counted out.

What's more, when Schaaf fought the light - punching Primo Carnera shortly afterwards he went down to just an ordinary blow to the head in round 13 and stayed there.

Treatment in the ring and dressing-room proved of no avail and Ernie passed away in hospital.

But they didn't blame Carnera—they blamed Baer! And that wasn't Maxie's only worry.

Dorothy and he had parted company. His first manager was trying to attach all his earnings. His first girl-friend Olive Beck was suing him for a quarter-million dollars; a chorus girl was suing him for a lot more. And now he'd fallen in love with film actress June Knight.

How could a man be expected to win fights? Yet, amazing to behold, he pounded tough Max Schmelling into submission in 10 rounds, and so won the right to challenge Carnera for the world's title.

When he was slugging the big German around in the final stages of the fight, Maxie suddenly remembered Frankie Campbell and Ernie Schaaf.

Schmelling was groggy and ready for the knockout, but Baer stopped punching and turning to the referee cried: "Can't you see this guy's had enough? Why don't you stop it?"

If there was ever a hilarious battle for the championship of the world, it was the rumpled between Carnera and Baer in the big outdoor bowl in New York City.

There was no need for ballyhoo. The Clown Prince of boxing could supply all the publicity by just being his normal self.

Baer enjoyed himself with Carnera. The big Italian was not quick enough to get out of the way of Maxie's roundhouse swings and hit the deck no less than 12 times during the 11 rounds the affair lasted.

Each time the giant crashed down, Max beat his chest and swaggered round the ring. And as soon as the dazed champ got to his feet, Baer jeered at him and made mocking remarks before proceeding to floor him once more.

Once, Maxie put so much beef behind a knock-down punch that he fell over Carnera and the two were rolling in the resin together.

"Last one up's a stessy," roared the Playboy, scrambling up and posturing and grimacing to the delight of the fans.

Well Max Baer was world's champ, just as he had told Dorothy Dunbar. But his reign was short and he threw the big title away as lightly as he won it, being outpointed by washed-up Jimmy Braddock in a clowning display that became pathetic the longer it went.

★ But she did

Of course, there was the inevitable come-back, but Joe Louis took care of that. Perhaps for the first time in his ring career Baer was serious that night. Certainly there was nothing funny in the way he knelt in the centre of the ring midway through the fourth round and shook his head when the referee ordered him to get up and box on.

That knocked all the killer out of Baer. He had a number of other fights, and made a trip to Britain, where he lost to Tommy Farr, but beat Ben Foerd.

Two crushing defeats by Lou Nova on his return to America finished his ring career, however, but started him off as a film and cabaret performer, at which he is a natural.

He's happily married, too, and a father. The girl was the manageress of a restaurant in Washington and Maxie fell for her as soon as they met.

But she wouldn't marry him until after the Braddock fight. "You defend your title and I'll give you my answer afterwards," she told him.

And when he had been dethroned, Baer was in despair. Who would want him now—an ex-champ? But she did!

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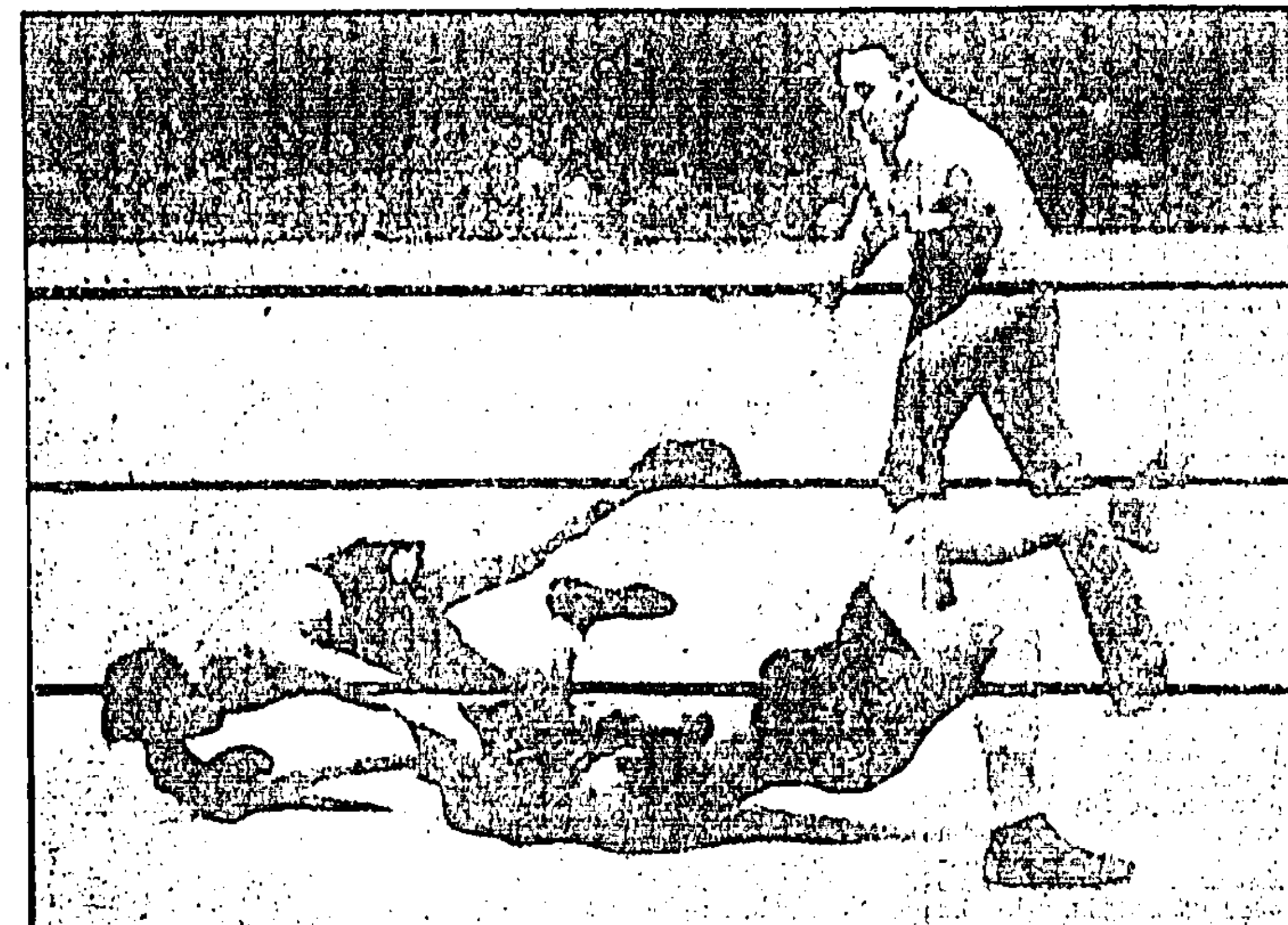
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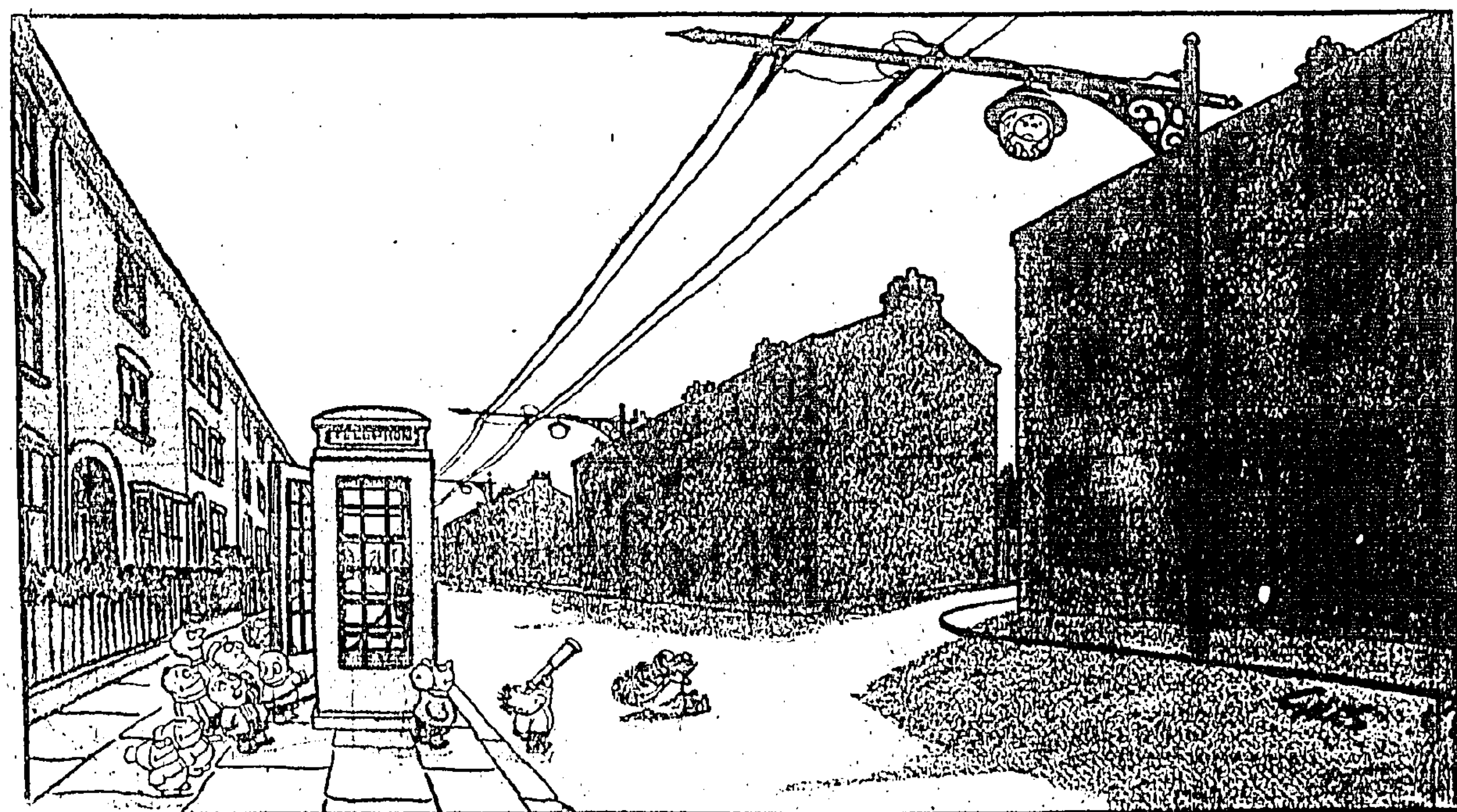
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Max Baer topples Carnera with a right, but the Italian pulls him down as he falls.



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"Their TENTH Anniversary"

IF the fates had gathered together to create a joyful tenth wedding anniversary for Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip they could hardly have improved upon the superb timing of this memorable event. And I use that word "memorable" because our lives as a people are interwoven with theirs.

We only have to look back a few months to note how the gathering drama of this anniversary was marked by what Shakespeare described as alarms, excursions and noises off. There was the eruption of the pipsqueak peers, although Lord Londonderry's grand-mother conked him on the head and saw to it that for him the rest was silence. Which left the field to Lord Altrincham and "Mug"—if I may condense Malcolm Muggeridge, the editor of PUNCH, to a monosyllable.

How were these unfortunate men to know that the United States would be a conquest comparable in its completeness to that of the ancient Caesars? Nor in writing these words do I merely echo what has appeared in the press. I was there when the great aeroplane touched down at Ottawa and the Queen set foot on the soil of her senior Dominion.

Never in the history of conquest was a victory so swift. This wife, this graceful young mother, this Queen, captured the hearts of a continent in that moment.

Nor do I write these words merely because it is traditional to pay compliments to royalty. Bring it down if you like to the terms of the theatre, but I never saw a better performance in all the years that I was a London theatre dramatic critic.

As the Queen inspected the guard she looked as young and fresh as a girl, and when two hours later she held a reception at Government House her eyes were sparkling and she seemed genuinely interested in each of us who was presented to her. When my name was read out she said: "What in the world are you doing here?" And she said it as if she were glad to see someone from those Houses of Parliament that squat upon the banks of the Thames.

But all this was nothing compared to her triumph on T.V.

some hours later. In English, and in equally fluent French, she gave a performance that captured a continent.

What had happened? In France the police always start out to solve a mystery with "Cherchez la femme". With great respect I suggest that in this case we substitute for it "Cherchez l'homme". After the outbreak of the pipsqueak peers who won an hour's immortality with their attack on the Queen, I can well imagine the Duke of Edinburgh saying: "Let's knock 'em for six!" This is no more than a guess, but at every moment that the Queen was on view the Duke seemed to be giving her confidence in herself. Never once did he try to impress his own personality at the expense of his wife and his Queen, yet never once did he look weary or disinterested.

Ten years ago they were married on November 20 in the year 1947. She was 21 years of age and her royal husband, son of His Royal Highness Prince Andrew of Greece, was 26. She was in direct succession to the Throne as there was no male heir in the royal family, but the loyal and sentimental British public cared nothing about that. Here was a lovely future young Queen to give us another Elizabethan era and here was a handsome young bridegroom straight out of the story books.

The marriage took place in November, and in the same month a year later a great crowd, mostly women, were waiting outside the gates for the official announcement. Then came the shout: "It's a boy!" "That is what everybody wanted, for it is as old as life itself that parents want first a boy and then a girl."

When the baby was named Charles there were some eyebrows raised for the simple

reason that Charles I lost his head by the executioner's axe and that Charles II was so slightly that he had practically no head to lose.

"Third time lucky!" said the people, and rejoiced that it would be a long time before there would be another sovereign on the Throne.

What was the Queen's answer to these attacks on her husband? She went on Sunday to see him play polo. The Polesniffs and the Stiggins raised their hands in holy horror.

As the years went on a section of the press decided that it was time the gossip writers got to work on this marriage matter how fiercely glare the cameras or how diligently newspapers strive to pierce the curtain. But in Canada I saw a man and a woman—the Duke of Edinburgh and his Queen—who needed no acting, no gestures, and no admiring glances to prove that their affection for each other is deep and understanding.

There were many men, who believed that when Edward VIII put aside his crown, and chose exile with the woman he loved, that the days of royalty in Britain were numbered. There were some who pointed out that the Duke of York, in marrying out of the ranks of royalty, had broken the code laid down by the centuries.

Yet such is the adaptability of the British character that the institution of Monarchy was strengthened, not weakened, by these events.

I remember that scene so well with the Prince of Wales attracting all eyes as he stood best man to his almost unconsidered brother, and I remember the killed magnificence of the bride's Scottish male relatives as if they had invaded and conquered the Sassenachs.

It did not seem then that the Duke of York and his Scot-

which had come straight from the fairy books.

The Duke had developed a wanderlust that took him away from his royal duties at home. Not only eyebrows but voices were raised. The newspapers in their zeal made much play of the long absence abroad of the Duke not long ago. Why did he not fly home at once from Gibraltar when he reached the Rock on the return journey of his long tour? Since it had long been arranged that the Queen and her husband would visit from there, in other words they were to be re-united in 48 hours at Lisbon.

This was the stuff to give the dear old public. Here was drama with an all star cast!

It is true that their ancestor, the Good Prince Albert, had set a standard never likely to be equalled, much less excelled, but the Duke of Edinburgh was a personality in his own right, despite his royal breeding. If it had not been so he would never have played such an important role in the success which has come to our young Queen.

The secrets of marriage are known to only two people, no

matter how fiercely glare the cameras or how diligently newspapers strive to pierce the curtain. But in Canada I saw a man and a woman—the Duke of Edinburgh and his Queen—who needed no acting, no gestures, and no admiring glances to prove that their affection for each other is deep and understanding.

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It did not seem then that the Duke of York and his Scot-

ish bride would ever be anything more than pleasant people of high position who would live happily outside the meretricious glare that falls on royalty in a democratic state.

Perhaps I can end this study of the ten-year-old marriage of the Queen and her royal husband with the words spoken to me by an artist who painted them both on a commission from the Government of one of the Dominions.

"It was the greatest fun," she said. "They could not have been more delightful."

That is not a bad ending for our story. Ten years have passed since I heard the youthful voice of Princess Elizabeth almost whisper the marriage vows in the Abbey.

Ten years have passed but the Duke has lost none of his zest for a spirited horse or his interest in the playing fields.

From every clime, from valleys and mountains, and teeming cities throughout the Commonwealth and Empire, there will come messages of goodwill.

Many the years ahead bring many happy anniversaries of November 20 for their lives and our lives are one in the mighty family of nations over which the Queen rules, and, in the process, takes careful heed of what her royal husband has to say.

By Sir Beverley Baxter

In August 1950, a baby princess was born and the old wives nodded their heads. A beautiful Princess with a handsome Prince for a husband and then first a son and next a daughter! The whole thing was a fairy tale set in that stolid old fortress of Victorian unimaginativeness known as Buckingham Palace.

But in the passing of time the Duke came under criticism. It was quite true that he was giving a magnificent personal leadership to the Playing Fields Association so that in the grim industrial towns of Britain there would still be a heritage of grass to give the sanity and discipline of games to youth.

Not only that, he was also visiting factories and doing everything in his power to create mutual confidence between employers and workers.

Ah! But he played polo on Sunday! A Scottish divine denounced him from the pulpit. Murmurs and mutterings began to be heard. Why should this young man of high position set such a bad example to youth when Britain would be destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah?

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"Six to one on the males" said Sarah Rothschild

last week, reporting on the balance of boys to girls at Oxford.

But Life is not so changed

WHAT are the problems of a man going up to Oxford University today? Are they so different from the ones his father had to face some thirty years ago?

In all probability they are. For it is more than likely that to the father of the modern undergraduate, the name Oxford meant no more than an institution which produced a rowing Eight to compete with Cambridge over a course between Putney and Mortlake Brewery.

along the Isis

says Robert Reid

(Miss Rothschild's Oxford contemporary now serving in the forces in Hongkong).

comes a straw-boater, Leander scurries and socks add their pale-pink confusion to the colourful day.

Slowly and sadly the stately old barges which have lined the river bank for so many years are disappearing in favour of red-brick bathhouses, (an ominous hyphenation). Now two or three colleges have followed the lead of Christ Church who some years ago built their bathhouse at the join of the Rivers Isis and Cherwell.

When the river changes but slowly. When the week, the zenith of the oarman's year, is reached the college barges, decked in flags and bunting, are as gay as they were in Zulika Dobson's heyday. And the bachelors some embryonic Max Beerbohm wait the towpath for inspiration.

Sisters, cousins and aunts appear in the most dazzling of summer frocks. Now is the time that the undergraduate in his first year can give vent to his pent-up emotions of colour and fonable use the fashion in brocade waistcoats.

The uncompromising statistic that for every girl undergraduate there are six of her male counterparts, need not unduly worry the freshman. Similarly the new girl cannot afford to over-estimate her potentialities in the University society. Only in the lecture room is her pre-eminence at all obvious. For Young Ladies' Secretarial Colleges, Hospitals and Crammers restore the balance of Eve in her fruitful garden.

Academically traditions have not much varied. The culmination of the undergraduate's three years amongst the cloisters and spires will be a walk along the High Street to the Examination Schools. He will dress in cap, gown and white tie. His performance inside the Schools might well, especially in these times, greatly influence his future career. His exit from the "Schools"—virtually his departure from Oxford life—if he has thoughtful friends, will be accompanied with a bottle of champagne, cool from the tollage cellars.

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The Second World War hastened a radical change in the method of entrance to the older Universities. Oxford is still, nominally at least, unaided by the State. However, the number of undergraduates who enter the University with scholarships or some form of State grant is continually increasing. Oxford saw the birth of Zulika Dobson—and also of Lucky Jim. Somerset Maugham has expressed an admiration for the Angry Young Men; Oxford has already lost count of her angry young products.

What is left unchanged in Oxford?

The river changes but slowly. When the week, the zenith of the oarman's year, is reached the college barges, decked in flags and bunting, are as gay as they were in Zulika Dobson's heyday. And the bachelors some embryonic Max Beerbohm wait the towpath for inspiration.

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... and take cover in your cellar ...

If you must look at cartoons, look where no space jokes can possibly be found ...

If all these precautions are not enough, emigrate ...

... to a desert island

The Next Step

by
Chapman Pincher

THE half-ton metal dog-kennel now looping the Earth with the regularity of a tram means that there is scant hope of beating the Russians in the race to the moon. The Soviet scientists are now at least two years ahead of the combined efforts of the West. Because they are the only nation with a State-aided space-travel programme it seems unlikely that they can be overhauled in time to prevent Soviet feet from being the first to step on to the moon's unfriendly crust.

Programme

AN analysis of the Soviet space-travel plans which I have pieced to-

gether from official statements, talks with Russian scientists and tips from Intelligence men, shows that the U.S.S.R. has a time-

scheduled five-point programme:

1 THERE is a project to put an unmanned rocket on the moon within a year. Astronomers will be able to see the point of impact of this missile because it will spatter coloured dye over the moon's surface.

The Russians already have rockets with power enough to escape from the earth. The missile which planted the half-ton satellite in space could probably put a lighter payload on the moon.



A boost from 18,000 miles an hour to 25,000 is all that is needed to provide the "escape velocity" which would free the rocket from the Earth's gravity for ever.

Guidance of a rocket to an object as big as the moon will present no greater difficulty than putting a satellite in a special orbit, and Soviet scientists, led by Dr. A. A. Yegorov, are using electronic brains to work out possible flight paths.

Volunteers

2 AN ATTEMPT to put up a satellite with a human being in it is to be made within two years. If the Russians fail to get spacedog No. 1 safely back to earth they will unquestionably succeed with later "subjects."

Volunteers for the manned flight are already being listed. Soviet scientists, with whom I spoke at the Barcelona space-travel conference last month, were confident that these volunteers would run little more risk than the test pilots who are now flying 2,000 miles an hour in jetliners.

Some may die, but others will make the scientific break-

through that will make satellite travel commonplace the Russians believe.

Moon rocket

3 MOSCOW scientists claim that they will have "rocket-activity round the moon" by the early 1960's. They mean that they intend to fire a rocket round to the dark, unseeable side of the moon so that it will take photographs and return to earth.

4 AFTER these first flights round the moon they plan to land large unmanned rockets from which robot "tankettes" will emerge.

The tankettes are small caterpillar-tracked vehicles, capable of exploring the moon's cratered surface. They will relay their information back to earth in the same way that the flying dog-kennel is sending back new facts about outer space.

Moon cities

5 THEN manned flights to the moon, with the establishment of "lunar bases" for astronomical and other scientific work, will follow.

The Russians have not officially committed themselves to a date for this historic step. But Dr. N. A. Varvarov is on record as claiming that Soviet cities will exist on the moon within 50 years.

Glass domes

THE Red cities will be built in the moon's craters under huge domes of glass which will contain a normal earthly atmosphere. Factories powered by the sun's energy will supply the necessary services, no claims.

Since there are no seas or rivers dividing the moon's surface into continents, could the Russians claim the entire orb by plunging a single Soviet flag into the soft pumice?

I put this question to Soviet satellite expert Leonid Sedov in Barcelona. He answered: "The legality of that situation can be argued when it happens."

It looks as though the Russians will be arguing from strength.



The Bright Lights **NOT** on Broadway...

From CHRISTOPHER DOBSON, New York.

THE effect of the new Russian satellite on America has been disastrous.

The American people, long taught to believe that their scientists and technology are the best in the world, were beginning to recover from the news of the first satellite.

The feeling was: "Okay, they beat us to it but we are not so far behind, and once we start rolling, look out, Khrushchev!"

But now, a half-ton satellite, carrying a dog. The optimism is gone. There is woe and grief in this traditional American month of thanksgiving.

There is anger at the politicians, for the people feel they have been let down.

There is bewilderment that Russia should have been allowed to get so far ahead.

And there is the feeling of being hurt, of losing the game, of having their noses rubbed in the mud. And, as usual with that combination of feelings there is a resulting pugnacity.

CAB DRIVER

'Let 'em try'

That classical barometer of public feeling, the taxi driver, said to me one evening: "These Russians and all their ballyhoo. Okay, if they want to start sumpin', let 'em try."

Admittedly his name was Michael Malon—a fighting Irishman—but it is an attitude that is growing.

The scientists, of course, take a detached view of the situation.

Dr. Fred Whipple, head of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, says: "The launching of this second satellite is six times as great a scientific achievement as the first."

But while the scientists believe as if the Russian achievement is another success for the international brotherhood of scientists, there is chagrin and shame among these men, who have for so long considered that their American branch of the brotherhood was the world's finest.

They are shaking their heads in wonder. It is as if a struggling Second Division Soccer team had thrashed the First Division leaders.

But it is the politicians who are taking this defeat the worst of all. They are wallowing in their grapes.

"This is only a blind to distract the Russian people from the Zhukov trouble," is the favourite political saying of the day.

Representative Mahon, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Defense Appropriations—the committee which has done so much in cutting back funds for rocket research—first disbelieved the announcement of the new moon.

BUSINESSMAN

'Our big fear'

Then he blamed rivalry between the air force and the army for disrupting the rocket programme, and added: "I hope all this will tend to jolt our people into a realization of the seriousness of the threat to our security."

It is this threat that is worrying the business men of Wall

Street. In a market which is already showing its unease at the Russian advances, this new satellite could well have a devastating effect.

This bright November day is one of anxious waiting for the men who derive their livelihood from the Stock Exchange.

One told me in the morning: "We just don't know how it will go. There may be a rush to buy shares in those companies which are manufacturing missiles."

"But what we fear is that there will be a rush to sell by people who want to see their money tucked safely in the mattress. And then the market will go down like an express elevator."

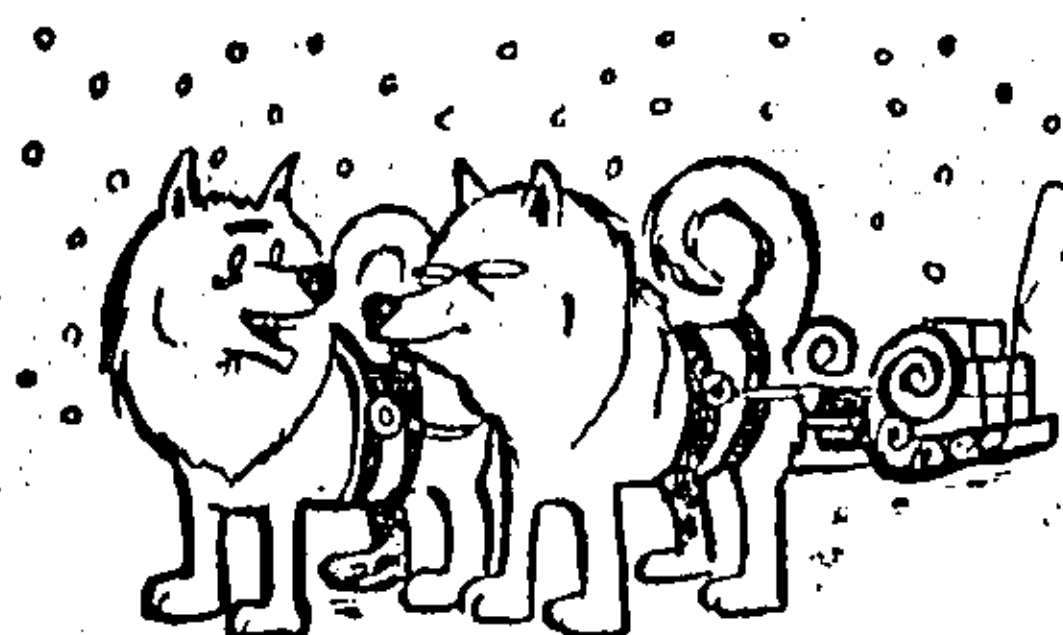
So far there has been only one laugh at the new Sputnik. In honour of its passenger the Americans have called it "Muttnik," but that is only one laugh. And it has a very long way to stretch today.

A SCAPEGOAT And that's Ike

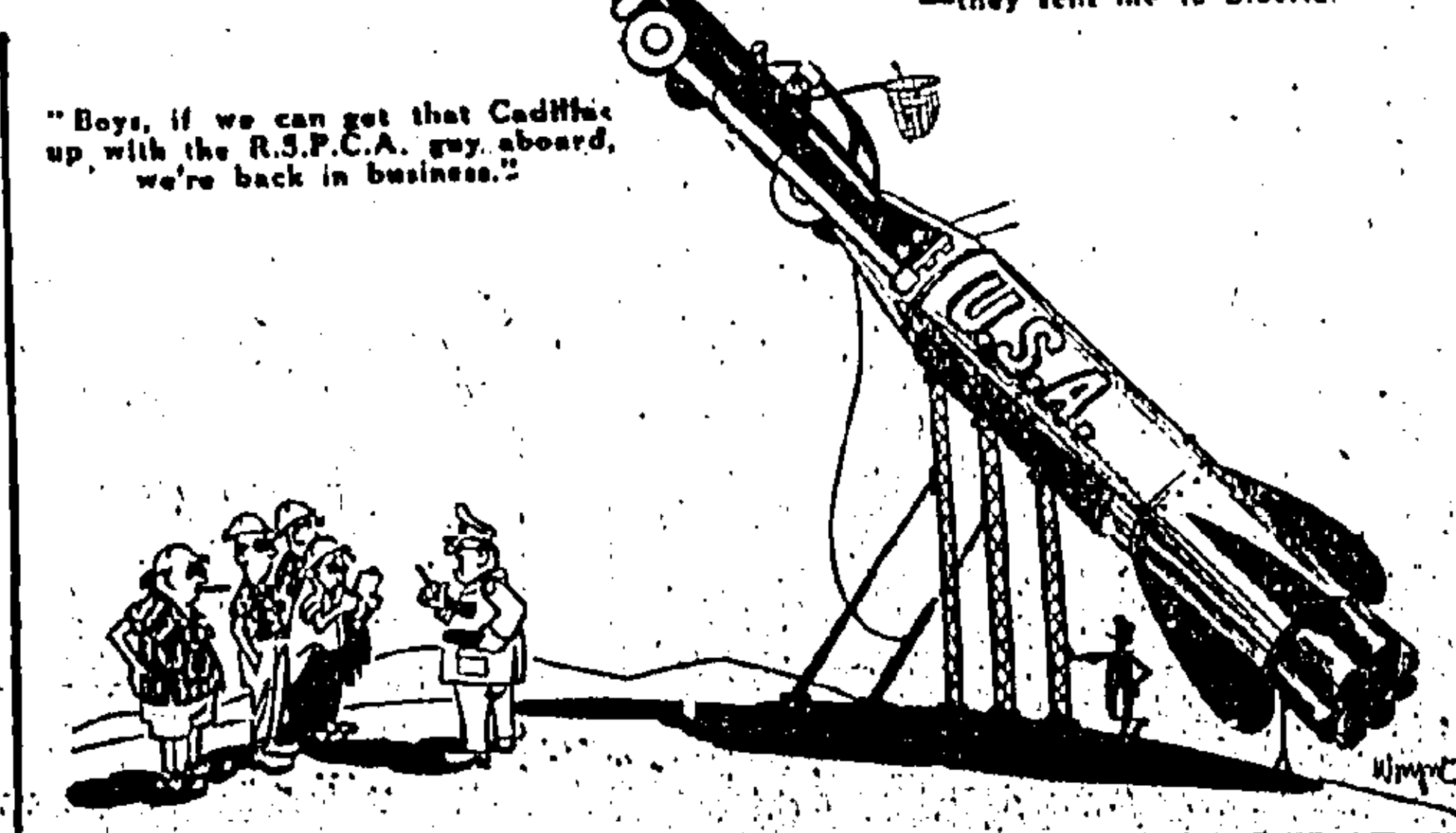
That is the situation in America, today. The people baffled, hurt, and angry. The scientist chagrined. The politicians desperately seeking to minimise the Russian successes. The business men fearful.

What will be the effect of all these emotions? Certainly when the initial reaction has passed there will be left a new determination to catch up and outstrip the Russians.

And once America does decide to gather up all her vast resources of materials, technology, and brain-power there is no doubt that she will



Then I got a last-minute reprieve—they sent me to Siberia.



"Boys, if we can get that Cadillac up with the R.S.P.C.A. guy aboard, we're back in business."

THIS is the Gin

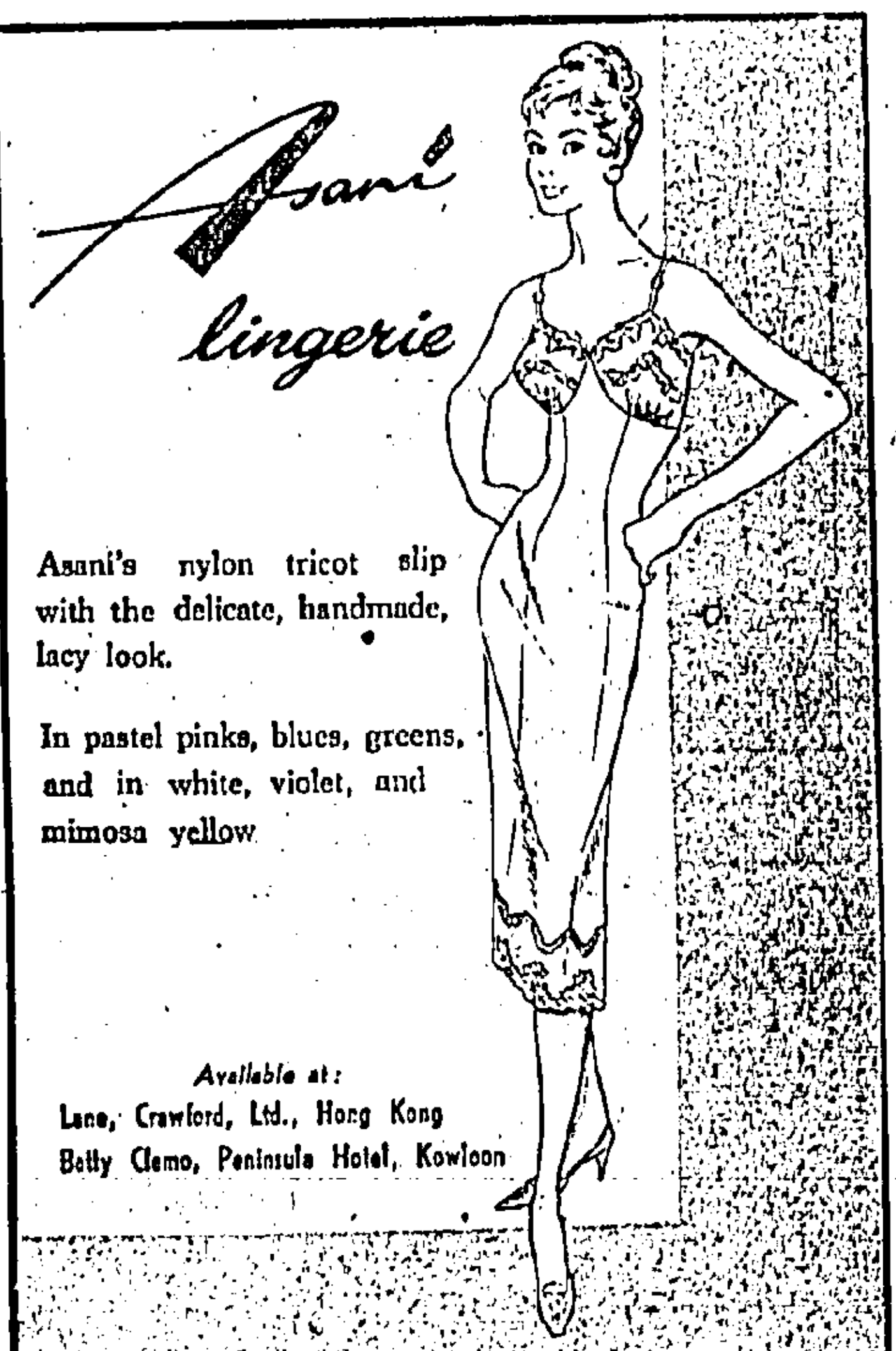


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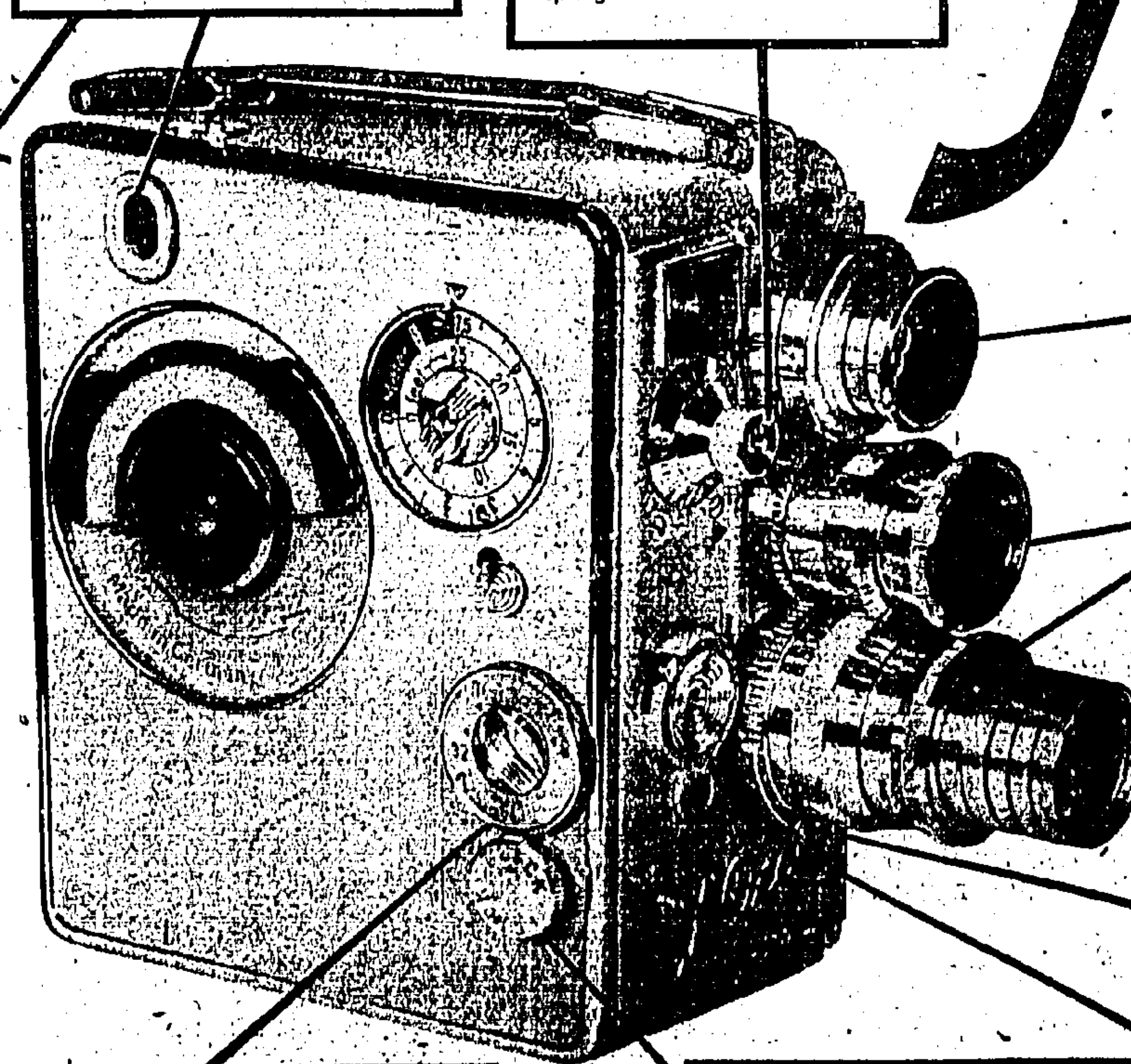
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ONE DAY IN ROME CAN MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE TO A GIRL

NICE, QUIET BELINDA GOES SO SULTRY IN THE SUN



BELINDA LEE—"How those Italians love us actresses."

BELINDA LEE eyed me provocatively from behind a cascade of hair—rather like a myopic tourist peering through Niagara Falls—and husked: "I am a changed woman."

The way she said it—with the pout of a lip and the slight raising of an eyebrow—would undoubtedly have made a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window. Or, at the very least, given her employer, Lord Rank, a sharp attack of the vapours.

Remembering the upright, decent, nice Belinda of days gone by—the purveyor of antiseptic sex, whatever that may be—it rocked me a trifle too.

"Rome did it," she said, narrowing her eyes to slits. "I changed the day I got there. One day I was a quiet English girl. The next I was a woman."

"What was your pursuit there?" I asked. "Were you throwing coins in the fountain or something of the kind?"

She laughed. A deep, throaty, peasant laugh. The kind of laugh you hear on warm summer nights in the Bay of Naples.

"I was making Aphrodite—Goddess of Love," she said, throwing her head back triumphantly. "What

a film it was! What a time I had! How those Italians love us actresses! There was a moment's silence, while she savoured the memories afresh.

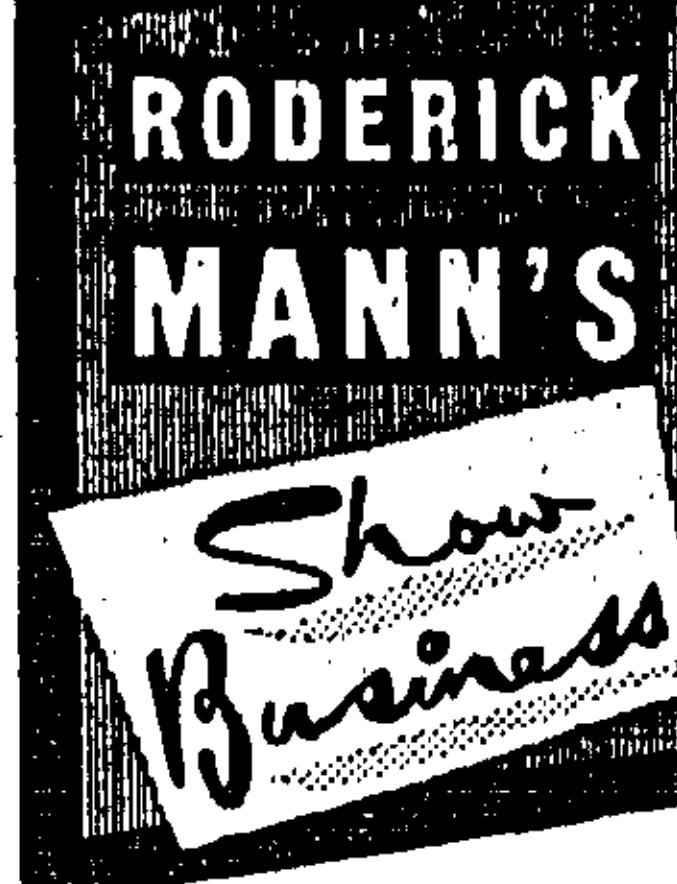
"I don't wear very much in the film," she said. "People used to ask me if I was embarrassed. Why should I have been? Even when you're wearing clothes, Italian men look at you as though you weren't."

I began to warm towards Miss Lee. Could it be that

this statuesque beauty was rising from the ranks of simpering British non-entities to become a personality? Oh horror! Back to Pinewood! Bolt the doors!

"Censorship gave us quite a problem," continued Miss Lee. "For the French version I wore my skirt slit right up to the thigh. For the English version they put three stitches in."

"From all you say," I said, "it appears you've burned the Roman candle



not only at both ends, but in the middle too."

"That's what happens when you go to Italy," she said. "Suddenly you are a new woman."

THE BOLD LOOK

Was there anything left of the old woman, I wondered—the one who married Rank photographer Cornel Lucas three years ago?

"No," said Belinda. "Nothing. I am sorry we broke up—but I couldn't go on living with a man I didn't love. I'm very ambitious. I want to be a big star. And marriage and ambition just don't seem to mix."

Today Belinda Lee could easily pass for Italian. She has all the attributes—the wide, peasant mouth—the bold features—the provocative eyes—the struggling hair. There has been an extraordinary transformation in the girl.

"I'm learning to speak Italian," she said throatily. "So I speak only the sweeter words—but I'm making progress."

That she is.

NATIONALITY NOTE. Miss Lee used to share a flat with Anna Kashfi, the is-she-Indian, is-she-Welsh bride of Brando. "No doubt about it," Belinda says, "Anna was Indian."

I wonder, in a few years, what nationality Miss Kashfi will give Belinda?

NOT AMUSED

MR ERNEST HEMINGWAY, who wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, levelled some dauntless spears at the film version the other day.

"Pretty disappointing—and that's being gracious," he rumbled.

* **DAQUINI:** Cuba's favourite drink named after an Igh mine in southern Cuba. It is a rum, lime juice and sugar served under a water-tight layer of ice.

Mr Darryl Zanuck, who made the film, is not amused.

In London last week he raved: "Hemingway had complete right of veto on the script. There isn't a line of dialogue in it that isn't his. No producer ever stuck more faithfully to a book: it's Hemingway to the hiccups. Why, he even wrote in a couple of extra lines for us."

One of the reasons for Papa Hemingway's outburst of spleen, I suggest, is that he got nothing for the film rights.

Along with the book, they were sold for peanuts to a publisher about 30 years ago. Hemingway got not a penny of the £40,000 paid by Zanuck.

LOOKED AROUND

DLANA DORS, I can reveal, has signed a contract to appear in Las Vegas. She will get £3,600 a week—and has been booked for an eight-week season.

"The other night at her Maidenhead penthouse, where she has lived alone since her separation from former manager-husband Dennis Hamilton, she said—

"I've already been to Las Vegas to scout the territory. I shall sell myself on glamour, with the slinkiest gown money can buy."

Give Dors her due. She's got plenty of pluck. Las Vegas boasts the toughest audiences in the world.

VERY POLITE

THE ENCOUNTER which most intrigued me last week—superb ballerina Alicia Markova meeting Bernadette Jackson in the box. (Bernadette at a Royal Variety Show rehearsal. How did it go?

Said Markova to me afterwards: "Oh, he was tremendously polite. Kept calling me Madame. Later on he plucked up courage and invited me out to lunch."

MEMO TO WORRIED. BALLETOMANES: She didn't go.

★ ★ Anthony Fuller's Column ★ ★

IT seems to me that a subtle change is taking place in British pictures. It is as if the producers are saying: "All right, we've tried to give you what we thought you should have, now you can have what you want."

What makes me say that? Well, certainly not any one picture, but rather a series of pictures. But the film that illustrates my point best of all is "Hell Drivers," a Rank Organisation movie.

It is superior to "On the Waterfront" and that sequence of films, in that it doesn't try and preach or ram home the ethical problems it raises. And the camera is right along with the trucks so that you are physically involved in a race and share all the hazards of reckless, or I should say criminal, driving.

But where the film scores over all other films of its type is in that background touch the English film producers excel in.

By not labouring the point, they show that various types of human beings are true to themselves all the time. For instance, Patrick McGeehan is a wicked truck driver.

But that evil streak does not portray itself only in the fierce competition of his job, but in everything he does. I don't know how long it will be before this film is shown, but I should say you must mark it down for a must.

OF course you know that the acting profession is a very superstitious one. But did you know the Royal Stuart family is, in a way, involved in theatrical superstition? In Britain, at any rate?

There is for instance, a silver mounted brooch in the form of a crown mounted over a pierced heart. People say it was given to Bonnie Prince Charlie by Flora Macdonald. Actors and actresses call it the Brooch of Courage, and it is often asked for to ensure the success of a first night.

It was recently sent to Dublin to help the recently closed Gate Theatre.

Actress Muriel Pavlow, on her visit to Ireland to take part in the film, "Gypsy," was given it as a souvenir of the place. She had to rub it and wish on it for good luck.

If you have been along to see "Action of the Tiger," you will have noticed actress Helen Hayes give a lovely little performance as the Countess.

I wonder how many of you know she was acting before this century was born?

She was born in India on August 23, 1874. She went home and was educated at Bedford High School, and also in Germany.

And how about this? Her first professional part was played on the old Flor at Hastings! Then she went on tour with a play "Our Boys." The English Provinces made Helen Hayes the first actress she still is. She toured with such plays as "The Importance of Being Earnest," and a forgotten old winner, "The Lights of London."

She played Shakespeare with E. H. Macklin's company, taking the part of Hermione in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," followed by such roles as Olivia in "Twelfth Night" and Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice."

Later she joined Sir Herbert Tree's company at His Majesty's Theatre, playing the Queen in "Hamlet," and Olivia in "Twelfth Night." In 1921 she went to Canada with Marie Lohr, but returned to London to consolidate her reputation as a "blue-blooded actress."

The rest you know. Sixty years upon the stage and still going strong, she has appeared in outstanding films such as "Madonna of the Seven Moons," "The Man in Grey," and "Richard the Third."

TALKING about forward strides in the film world, our local people have just made a very good film. I saw a rush of it. They call it "The Mermaid," but don't let that title deceive you, it is not a whiney, so that means dubbing it in Chinese characters for local showing, and it would mean serving it up with two lots of titles if the Europeans are going to have a look.

The acting is the best I have seen in any locally made film, but this one is hardly local. The cast is, but they went up to Japan to make the film, which comes in colour, by the way.

The setting is supposed to be Hongkong, but in only three things does it make concessions to local atmosphere. Hongkong money is clearly seen. Nice red buildings. Dollar

notes, and nice new green tans. An amah in a neat white jacket, and black pants. What is the other? I remember, Hongkong licence numbers on the car plates.

Honestly, I would like you to go along because it is something different. The whole picture is a severe indictment of Hollywood influences on Chinese youth, from Elvies Presleys scowls to mouthfuls of bubble-gum. The parents are lined up in one excellent scene when one of the youths is arrested. The parties are shown in their traditionally polite role. The kids are shown with all the scowls and boredom of "So what the hell!"

Only in its outmoded melodrama, the final sequence, does this film fall below Western standards. And that is because the producer has moved right onto Western film territory. The shot of the camera-held splitting rope is too old fashioned.

The camera work is superb. To those of us who live here, this comes as no surprise, but I have found that producers who have come from England and Hollywood may the same thing. The Chinese are superb artists and fine technicians with the camera.

When the film is put on, if it will help, I will run a bit in this paper, so that if you go along, you will be able to identify the characters, and search out the plot as it builds up. But as I said, it is the local teenage problem as seen through Chinese eyes. Much exaggerated, in my opinion, but nevertheless, a very real problem to many Chinese parents. I can assure you.

If you are meaning about the dearth of films lately, that is, good ones, I have the answer. The reason is, pictures are such entertainment in Hongkong, that neither Hollywood nor England can keep pace with us. We have five main groups who if they made but one change a week, they would require 200 new films a year.

But two members of this group make frequent mid-week changes. I work it out to something like this. We need 210 new films a year to keep our local exhibitors happy. That is, five-run cinemas.

Seen there will be another group. The Leo and the Aster. I heard that the Rank Organisation has some very big stuff coming this way to take care of that. I've seen some of it. I think it will mean a new appreciation of British films. You wait and see.

LOVING You comes to the King's and the Princess this afternoon. I do not know how to deal

with it. I have had a look at the way some reviewers have dealt with it, but it is not a picture you can dismiss.

As a matter of fact, I would not call it a picture. I would say it is a medium that introduces one of the phenomena of our age. Elvis Presley. There is no doubt Paramount believe in him. Their press book is one of the finest I've seen this year. Then they've given him Vistavision and colour, so who am I to question? I don't. I stand, as if at the shrine of an unknown deity, puzzled.

Someone told me that "Loving You" is partly biographical. I suppose it could be, for no incident in the film provokes awe or wonder in me, but the teenagers are reduced to hysterical tears.

As a matter of fact, Elvis doesn't fill me with anything but boredom. But I should be most ungrateful if one who can cause riots in over-developed teenagers, was dismissed by me as if he were an ordinary film star.

Look at it this way. In the hairdressers they gave me some film magazines to look at. The one I carried carried forty features on Elvis.

You can't help wondering if he was sent. Perhaps he carries some mystic message that will save the Western world from decline.

Perhaps the initiated can pass on or interpret the mysteries that surround him.

I looked hard and long. Does that mouth curled into a perpetual snarl carry a meaning for Western youth? Shall it cause them to rise as champions of renewed vows to serve this present age?

Perhaps those jerky legs that cause wild shrieks of despair from our maidens are some form of hagiology known only to the future citizens of Western civilization.

Perhaps a posteriori describing figure-eight, the some mystic link associated with an ancient rite. I can say that I do not know. I really do not.

There is one delightful scene where a young lassie in a tight jumper forces her way into the dressing room of Elvis. She rubs herself against him just as your fat tabby-cat might rub round your shoes.

Let us be fair. Some might say she is just a forward little thing. But how do we know? So the picture went on and I went out.

Youth is a time for idealism. I am all for it. We worshipped in our turn. And as this picture gives someone to say, "It is healthy American youth," I leave it at that.

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NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Action of the Tiger." Van Johnson, Martine Carol, and Herbert Lom. A film of violence and contrast that holds you in suspense right up to the last second!

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Loving You." The one and only Elvis to sing, and cry, and even fight for you.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "The James Dean Story." Largely a collection of material giving the strange biography of a strange young man.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Shopover Tokyo." Robert Wagner, Jean Collins, and Edmund O'Brien. In a sensational-suspense match-check-mate counter espionage drama.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Midnight Story." Idealism, religious faith, love, and violence form a most unusual drama against a very authentic background.

COMING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Under the Caribbean Sea." Thrills galore with a camera

under the ocean. D. Hans Hiss and his wife Lotte.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Across the Bridge." Graham Greene's short story made into a film thriller. A top class suspense-and-thrill entertainer that ties you in knots. Rod Taylor in the outstanding role of Elia Carter, with David Knight and Maria Landi.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Paris Follies." A hit for belles beachantes. A slick French film, including numerous do strip-tease. A "pink-ticket" night film.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Abominable Snowman." Publicity has this as a sensational-suspense match-check-mate thriller. It is a very intelligent film with an uncanny background. Forrest Tucker, Peter Cushing, with Maureen Connell, Richard Wattis, and Robert Brown.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Smallest Show on Earth." This is a British comedy at its best. Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna inherit the local "Bee-yah."

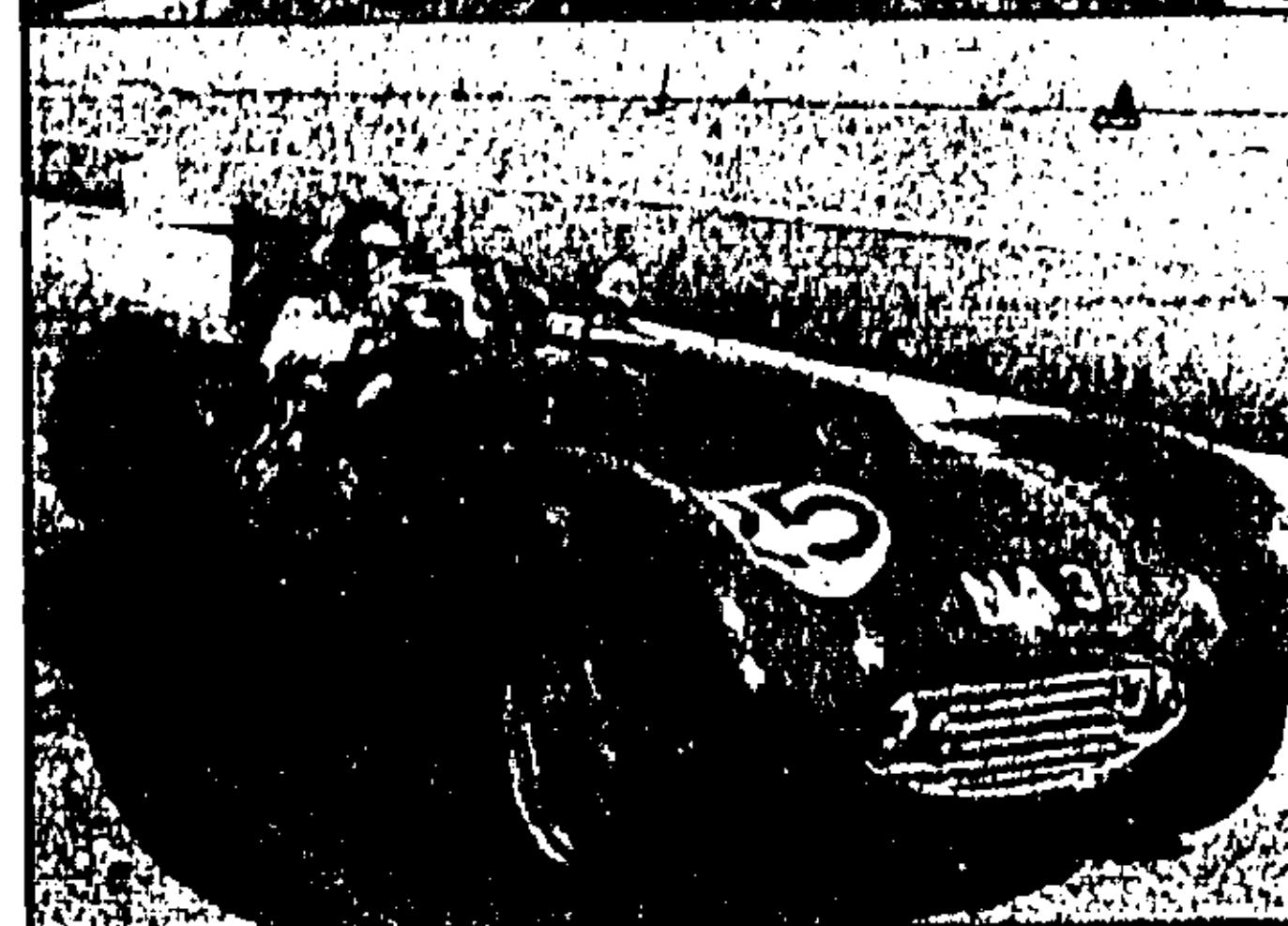


MACAO GRAND PRIX

ABOVE: 300 miles and 77 laps ahead as the drivers line up to be presented to the Governor of Macao, Comdr. Correia do Barros.

RIGHT: But they soon had both slipping swiftly away behind them, and Capt Arthur Pateman in his Mercedes 300 SL (No. 2) was quickly out in front.

LEFT: Not so quick off the mark, Freddie Pope in his Jaguar Special was held up three minutes at the pits, but once started kept on going and came in 5th.



Arnold's "Bristol Warrior" one of the prettiest cars in the race, but had to quit with brake trouble.



Mrs Narcoe Matchett (below) won the Ladies Race in her TR3, leading in Mrs Fernanda Maria Ribeiro (above)—2nd.

LEFT: Some of the winning faces at the Grand Prix Ball, from left, C. N. Fulford (3 GP), Bill Baxter (1 Novices), Mrs Matchett, and Capt Arthur Pateman with the Governor's Cup.



Grand stand view (above) of (below) three winning Flats, their drivers, and Willie Shear who once again carried off the race for standard production cars.



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MEMBERS

As the afternoon shadows lengthen Arthur Pateman gets the chequered flag, winner's laurels, a kiss from his wife, a bottle of pop, and the admiring stares of the children.

(Staff Photographers)

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ABOVE: Among those honoured at Sir Alexander's last investiture at Government House . . . Mr Chan Yiu, chairman of Tai O Rural Committee, receives the Certificate of Honour.
LEFT: A farewell visit to Kwong Wah Hospital . . . Sir Alexander with Directors' wives.



Leila Butcher and Michael Salter at Union Church.

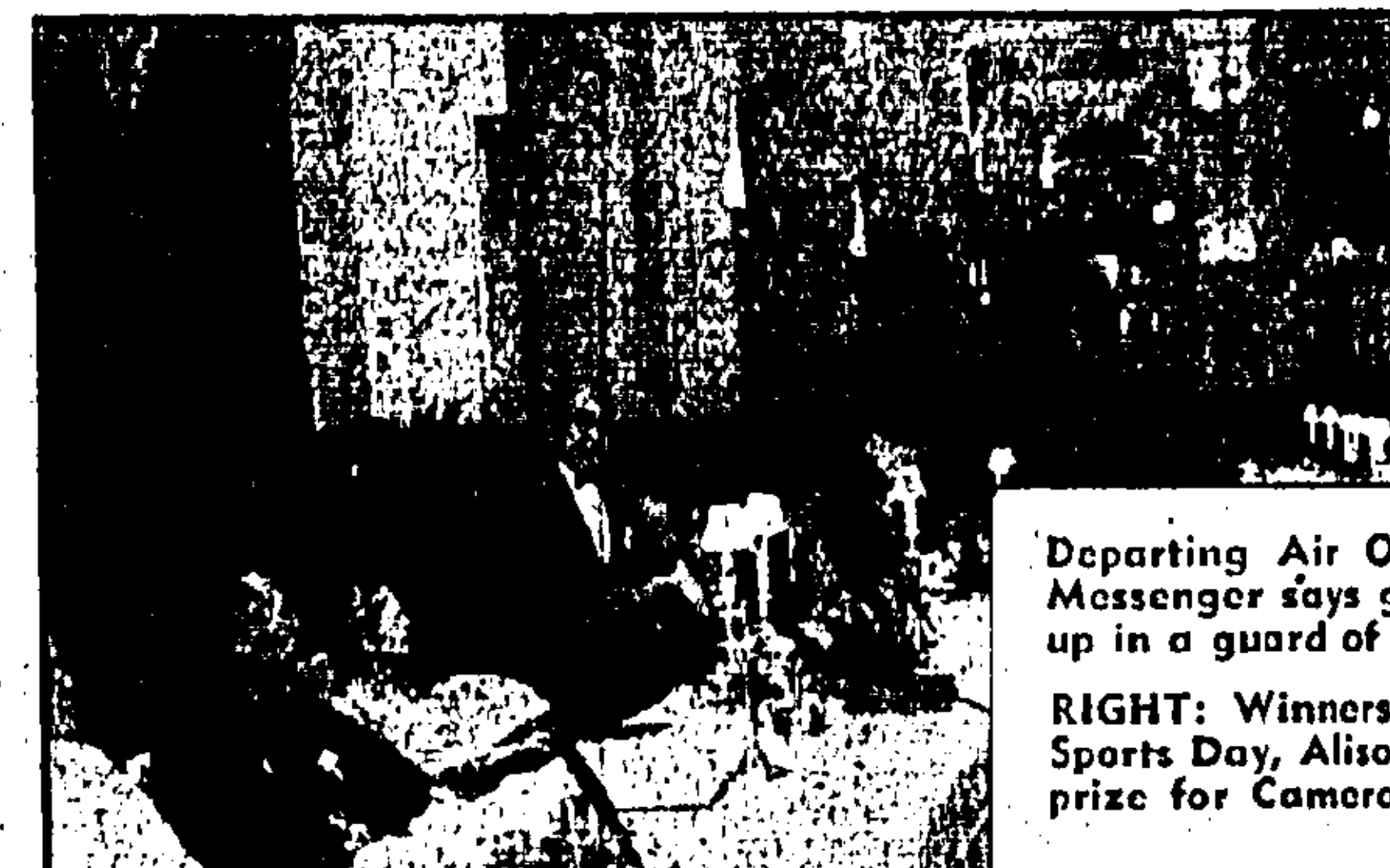


Departing Air Officer Commanding, Air Commodore A. D. Messenger says goodbye to men of 91 Field Regiment, drawn up in a guard of honour at New Queen's Pier.

RIGHT: Winners of the Inter House Cup at the Peak School Sports Day, Alison Threlfall and Rose Mary O'Connell hold the prize for Camaron House.



To celebrate 25 years of the (YMCA) Ys Men movement and the 1st Asian Conference, 200 delegates from 60 clubs meet (RIGHT) at a banquet at the Repulse Bay Hotel and (BLOW & LEFT) gathered on the lawns of Government House for an official reception.



ABOVE: On a private visit to Hongkong HRH Amir Abdul Illah, Crown Prince of Iraq, arrives in Hongkong from Japan on an Iraqi Airways Viscount aircraft, met at Kai Tak by Sir Alexander.

BELOW: Mortally wounded, but not by young Robin Hood on the left. The "casualty" is being moved by members of the Civil Aid Services during their zonal exercise last week.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



U.S. HOUSEWIFE HELPS GREEK WOMEN

AN American housewife born on an Indiana farm is helping prepare Greek women for lives in new homelands.

She is teaching them how to use soap, hot and cold running water, how to make beds, to percolate coffee, and make toast.

Mrs. Jane Moody, mother of three children, has been working in Athens since 1952 as deputy chief for operations of the Greek mission of the Inter-governmental Committee for European Migration.

Her husband, James P. Moody, is in the investment business in Athens. Mrs. Moody feels she is in an important business, too, by helping Greeks prepare for better futures through the

By CLAIRE COX

facilities of the ICEM, an organization financed by 27 governments.

Little Opportunity

She has seen nearly 50,000 Greeks pack up their few pitiful belongings and leave for new homes, mainly in Australia, since 1952. Most of them are single men, trained as mechanics and in other skills, and women prepared to work as domestics or seamstresses—or to keep their own houses.

Almost all are young—from 18 to about 35. None plans to return to Greece.

ICEM maintains an eight-room apartment in Athens for its course in homemaking. "Students" learn to use power sewing machines, in place of their mothers' old treadle or hand-run models. They learn to

wash dishes, change sheets, vacuum, cook breakfast, wash, iron and perform other household chores.

Mrs. Moody and her aides also supervise the teaching of personal hygiene, sanitation and how to set tables.

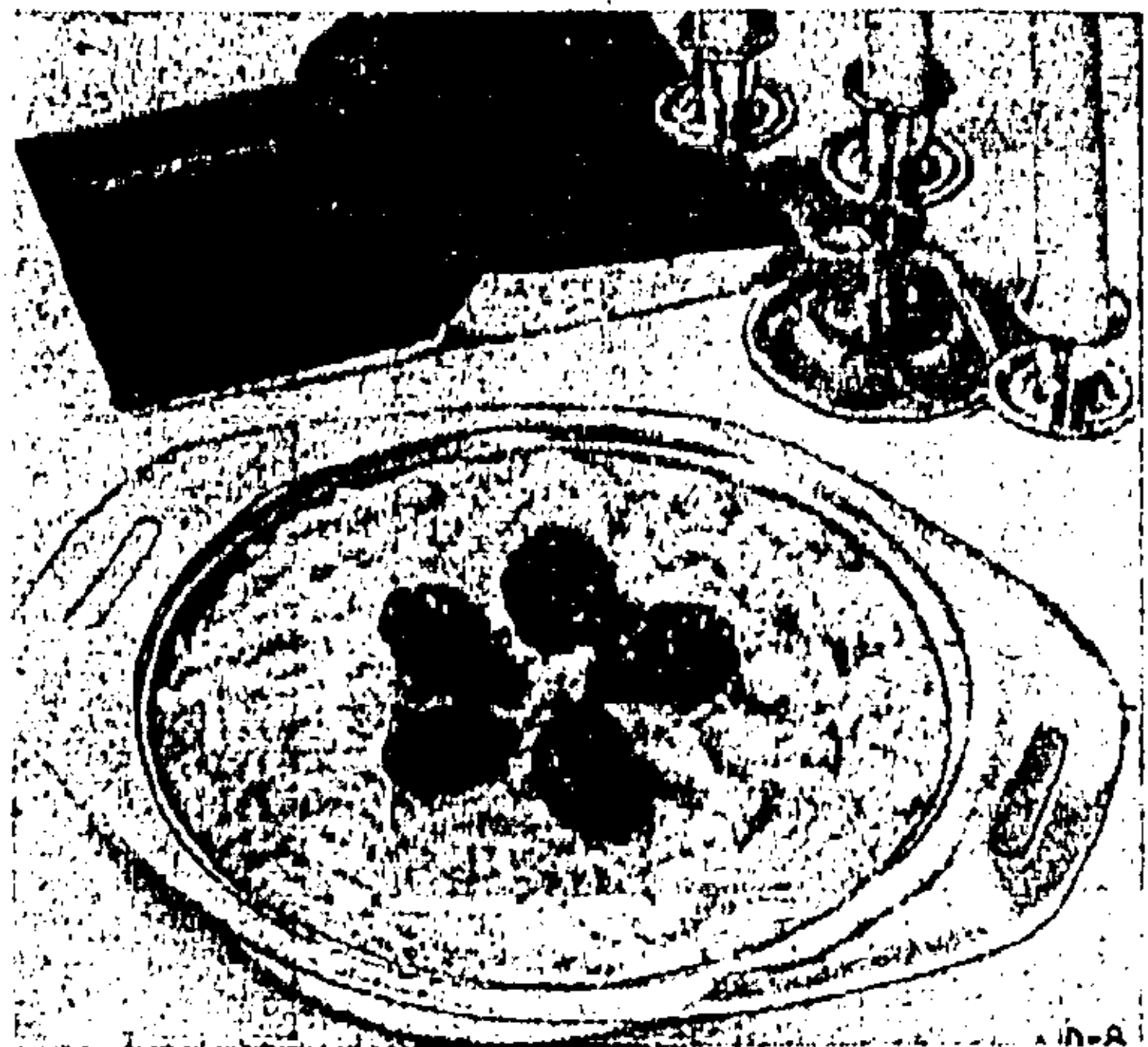
Leave For Good

"Many of the girls we have trained never before have seen a refrigerator," she said. "They never have had running water in their homes. Water is scarce in Greece. The use of soap and water in rural areas is limited."

"Young women do not have much opportunity in Greece," said Mrs. Moody. "There are almost no jobs for them, because there is so much unemployment among men, and they get the first jobs available."

"The girls are not encouraged to get educations, and they so far outnumber the men that many never marry."

Served In An Old Way



CARROT AND PRUNE Tzimmes, a vegetable and fruit combination, is a traditional dish served at the Hebrew festival of Succoth.

ALL the world celebrates and gives thanks for the autumn harvest.

One very interesting celebration is that of the Hebrews who combine the autumn thanksgiving festival with the holidays of Succoth.

Hebrew Word

"Succoth" is a Hebrew word meaning huts or booths.

As a symbol and reminder of the fragile shelters of the children of Israel during their 40 years' wandering in the wilderness, synagogues, temples and groups of neighbours erect booths outdoors or indoors. They garland them with vines, bunches of grapes, add red and green apples, ears of corn and pumpkins, and eat under the shelter.

Miniature Booth

Or a table setting may have a centerpiece of a miniature "Succoth" or booth decorated with greens. On each side of this setting are large platters of fruit, strudel, mandelbrot (almond slices) and dishes of candy. Sacramental cups of wine are arranged on a tray.

Dinner In The Tradition Of Succoth

Before dinner, the mother lights the candles in the Succah or booth, and the father blesses and says grace over the wine and the bread, both always provided in the ancient tradition.

Menu

Chicken Noodle Soup
Roast Turkey Green Peas
Carrot and Prune Tzimmes
Kasha and Mushrooms
Beet Relish Salad
Apple Torte
Tea with Lemon

All measurements are level; recipes proportioned to serve 4 to 6.

Carrot and Prune Tzimmes: Wash, peel and slice ½ lb. carrots and 1 lb. sweet potatoes. Put in a saucepan. Add 1 lb. boiling water and 1 tsp. salt. Cover. Cook 25 min., or until tender.

Drain if necessary. Mash with ½ tsp. ground pepper, ¼ tsp. ground ginger and ¼ tsp. salt. Next, cut 1 c. pitted, soaked dried prunes in small pieces. Put in a 2-qt. casserole. Fill with alternating layers of carrots, potatoes and prunes, beginning and ending with vegetables. Over each layer drizzle 1 tsp. honey and 1 tsp. chicken fat.

Bake 45 min. in a moderate oven, 350° F., or until lightly browned. Garnish with pitted soaked dried prunes.

Kasha and Mushrooms en Casserole: Measure 1½ c. kasha (buckwheat grains) into a large frying pan. Add 1 unbeaten small egg. Stir over low heat until the grains are cooked.

Transfer to a 2-qt. casserole. Stir in ¾ cup salt, 2½ lbs. chicken fat or salad oil, 2½ c. boiling chicken broth and ½ lb. washed, fresh mushrooms cut in bite-sized pieces. Cover. Slow-bake 1½-2 hrs., or until the liquid is absorbed. Add more liquid as needed.

Raw Beet Relish From The Chef

Combine 2 c. fine-grated raw beets, ¾ c. prepared horseradish, ¼ tsp. sugar and ½ c. red-wine French dressing. Chill at least 1 hr.

THE TREND IS TOWARDS SMALLER HOMES



COMPACT AND COMFORTABLE, this bedroom has twin beds. Note the storage area, concealed by doors, which is arranged over the window. Pastel colours make the room appear larger.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

WHILE becoming smaller, modern homes have a place for everything and everything's in that place. It has to be; there's no room for collecting a lot of useless paraphernalia.

Living rooms are planned for beauty minus clutter. Furniture's scaled down to fit the rooms, and there's a trend afoot to mix and match periods, modern with traditional and vice versa.

In all rooms, storage space is at a maximum. A living room, for example, has hidden wall panels that slide back to show a big closet over a sofa, above a centre window or along a wall leading from living to dining area.

Divider and Desk

Room dividers, separating kitchen from living room, are more than decorative. Frequently they serve as a desk for homemaker or husband. Look for such features, too, as a counter top that doubles as a breakfast table and shelves for books, plants or portable TV.

Twin Beds

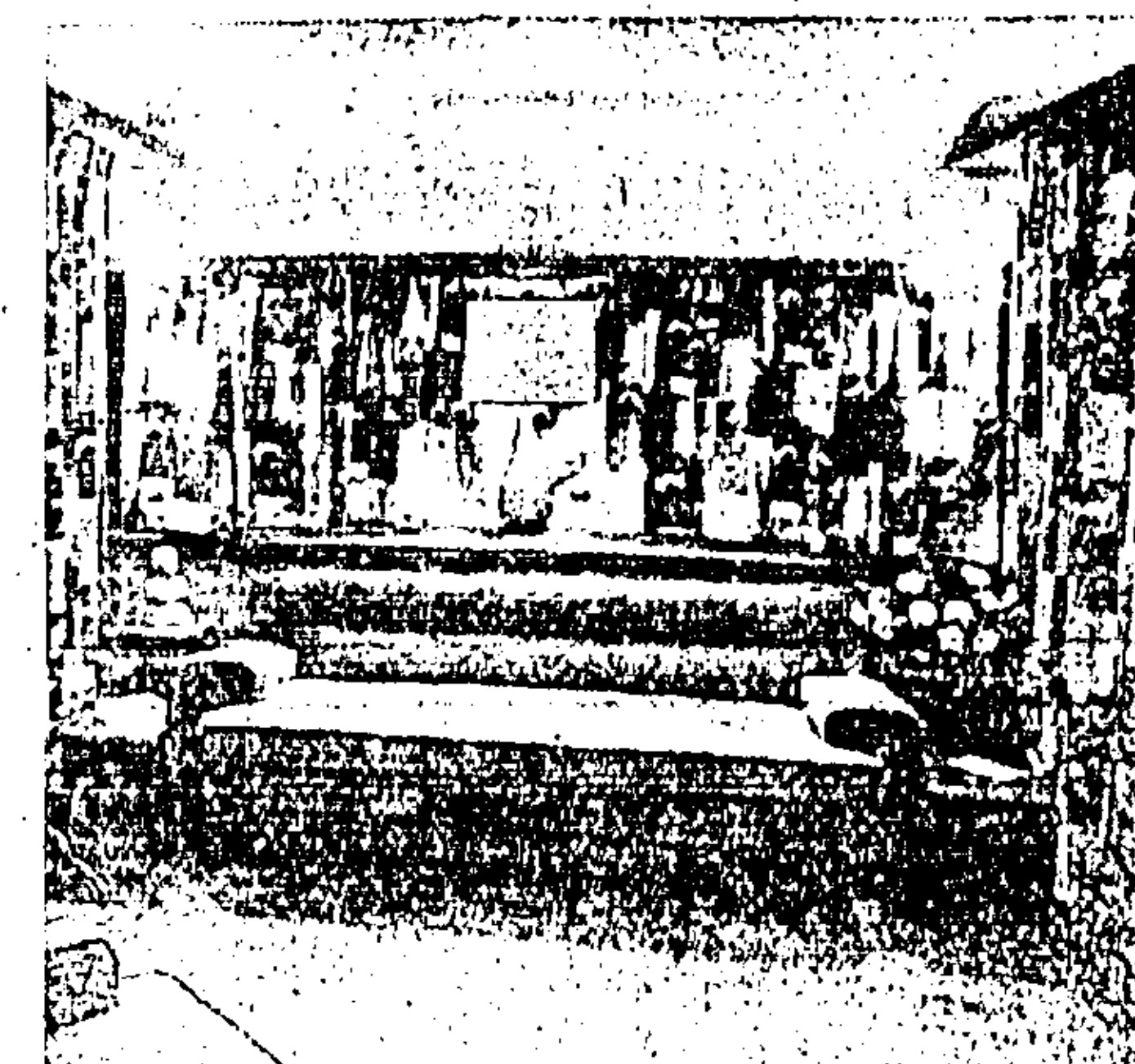
Kitchens are modern. Some have standard size refrigerators and ranges; others star an eye-level oven and a counter range. All have generous closets, cabinets and drawers.

Bedrooms are similar to these in a regular apartment. One idea is to have twin beds attached to a headboard which swing out for easy bedmaking or will separate to make an aisle between the beds. Wall space above beds often has sliding doors for closets. In many cases, closets are planned along the wall opposite beds. Sometimes you'll find a linen closet along a side wall.

And these homes are comfortable too!



AN L-SHAPED dream kitchen provides generous cabinet space. Just opposite the range, a table and chairs are set up for meal service.



THE LIVING ROOM is a nice size, has a modern sofa and chair. It's done in neutral beige and brown with pink and green accents.

HEAT FROM UNDER THE CARPET

By JOY MATTHEWS

● HOT NEWS for cold feet. A revolutionary new heating system is crashing in on the central heating world.



Now when you buy a carpet you can buy underlay that is wired to heat up the entire room. It is so easy to install—all you have to do is to plug it into a power-plug and your room is hot all over.

The cost—not half as much as you think. A 3 by 2½-yard piece costs £10 6s. 11d., and you won't have to spend £3 or £4 on ordinary underlay.

Running costs—roughly 1d. an hour for each room, and you don't have to have it on permanently. Just switch on about half an hour before you go into the room.

Already the electricity companies in North Wales and Merseyside are selling it. They tell me that they have tested it thoroughly, that both the insurance people and the fire service have given it their blessing.



It should be on sale everywhere by next year at electricity companies and stores. How hot is it? Floor temperature is between 70 and 75 degrees.

SMART FOR SHOPPING

● SMARTEST shopping bag that takes the place of the bucket comes in black patent. It is also a proper handbag and has a side zip to stop slippery fingers. It isn't big enough for the week-end marketing—but plenty big enough for the lunch-time forage. It also comes in cream and it costs 32s. 6d.

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Once Upon A Moontime

HAVE you noticed how Life plods on at pedestrian pace for months or years on end, and, then quite suddenly, there is a tremendous acceleration, a perplexing onrush of events? It's bewildering, and not a little provoking. This happened to me just three weeks ago, and I'm still busy with my emotional stocktaking.

Helen and I were sitting on the Club veranda facing the Harbour, sipping that specially good first drink of the evening. I was completely relaxed. The weekend stretched before us, ours alone. We had planned to do precisely nothing. Come to think of it, that's what we usually did. Helen was that rare being, in my eyes, a thoroughly sensible woman. Quiet, intelligent, attractive I suppose you would say. At any rate, she had good teeth and a fine skin. And, I forgot, red hair, but not too red. We had similar tastes and were automatically invited to the same parties. You know how it is.

It was, you may think, a typical Hongkong evening. There, down below was the twinkling, many-coloured welter of lights—blues, reds, greens, yellows, all aglow—with freely ferries criss-crossing, and a back-curtain of mountains, dark and mysterious.

"This is good, isn't it?" I remarked, after deep consideration.

"MMM"

THIS was a bit toneless and flat, I thought. I looked at Helen. There was a strained, far-away expression on her face. I sensed a change in atmosphere, but rallied my forces.

"This is hardly the face that launched a thousand ships," I quipped rather neatly. Helen turned towards me with slow deliberation.

"How old are you, Charles?" I was a little nettled.

"You know jolly well—I'm thirty-five, and a bit." "And a bit," she said acidly. "And I'm twenty-three, and a bit, and yet I look and act like a by-passed spinster."

This was serious. This was just not Helen. The crickets stopped suddenly in mid-chirp. I waited.

"You pass for a well-read man, don't you, Charles?" The tone was still frigid. I thought fondly of my Universal Encyclopedia, my uncut edition of Dylan Thomas, the signed photograph of Agatha Christie, and the LP record of My Fair Lady. "Yes," I said. Then came the spate. I've never seen Helen so worked-up.

by George Ramage

"But you don't know a thing about Life, do you? And you know less about the way a woman feels. You accept everything, you don't make things happen. You're—you're just a stick-in-the-mud."

"Steady on—," I began, but Helen suddenly waved and smiled that great big smile which women reserve for special occasions. I turned, and there he was, McGinnis. Of all people and at that moment. The well-known Irish tenor, living in comfortable semi-retirement. A short, stout, floridly handsome charmer, in his mid-fifties. Helen loved his air of sophistication and his outrageous flattery, and whenever he sobbed his way through 'The Mountains of Mourne,' which he did at the drop of a hat, she was absolutely spellbound.

This could happen only to me. I motioned him to join us, but he was already seated and offering Helen a cigarette. The change in her was remarkable. She positively sparkled. McGinnis placed a large, leather-bound volume on the table. Naturally, she asked him what it was.

"Now I'm glad you've asked me that," he bubbled, "because there's something here that applies to you."

"Do go on," purred Helen. I beckoned a steward, and morosely gave an order for drinks.

"Do you know what tomorrow is?" McGinnis asked, quirked an eyebrow. I seized my cue. "Sunday," I said.

"Of course, of course," this with great tolerance, but it is also the Moon Festival." "Oh, that," I grunted.

There was no stopping this man. "But here's the point. It says here that the Moon Festival is a strictly female affair, and that the female is in the ascendant." I longed to have my Encyclopedia handy. Helen seemed to think that McGinnis had said something world-shaking.

"John. You mean it's the one time of the year when

Woman is the stronger forces?" she asked, eyes shining.

"It is that. It's a magic time," drooled that decrepit old leprechaun. And then I made my big mistake, and growled, "Stuff and nonsense."

Helen looked at me, coolly and impersonally. "We'll see," she murmured.

Well, McGinnis tagged on for the rest of that evening, and we eventually landed up, in the early hours, at one of those night-clubs specialising in minimum lighting with maximum charges. Helen, I was pleased to note, seemed rather less hilarious. I took hope from this, but there was to be no reprieve.

No pleasant return to normality for me. Now, as you know, even in those twilight haunts of the escapists, occasional gleams of light do escape from the carefully hooded table-lamps. Then a whole face is illumined, perhaps, and seems to float in its own aura, bodiless and startling. This now happened at the opposite side of the room. A very bronzed, young male face suddenly shone for a second and was gone. Helen sat up straight, gasped "It's Bill," and was across the room, through the huddle of dancers, before you could say, "Kung Hei Fat Choy."

ADONIS

I WAS completely staggered, but worse was to come. She returned immediately, leading by the hand a nicely-dressed, revoltingly handsome Adonis. Helen was radiant, and introduced him as Bill Cummings. Apparently Bill could join us, but not for too long. I offered cigarettes around, and Bill refused with "I don't smoke, sir. Got to watch my voice." He was, of all things, a 'singer of pop tunes.' When I looked properly incredulous, he smiled and murmured, "It keeps me in the style to which I'm completely accustomed." I think it was the ease with which he parried my unspoken query and especially the respectful way he addressed me as 'sir' (which made me very

much his elder), which floored me. Helen and I left pretty quickly after that, she somewhat reluctantly, but not before we'd arranged to meet the

following evening to look at the Moon. Helen did all the organising. We were to meet at the Club, and I was to do the subsequent driving. Good old Charlie, the taxi-driver.

I was restless all the following lazy, dreary day. My flat had never seemed so drab and bleak. I looked up MOON in the encyclopedia—I'd never realised how dangerous its influence could be. It was most perturbing.

Around about eight-thirty I prepared to leave for the Club. The car flatly refused to start. I cursed the baleful effects of the moon, coupled with a particularly strong reference to the Johns and Bills of this world. Finally I managed to get away, and chugged my way down the Peak.

Let me say that one of the things I'd always liked about Helen was her restrained and very correct dress-sense. So I was absolutely aghast when I arrived at the Club and saw her. She had managed to pour herself into a flame-coloured dress that fitted her like a second skin, and she'd done something to her face and hair that gave her a witchy look, if you know what I mean. McGinnis slapped me on the back, and I came out of my trauma, and from then on tried to catch up on the drinks.

But, you know, it's impossible to capture the gaiety when everyone else has a furlong start. The more I tried, the more sombre I became. Around about eleven of this-that night we decided to drive up the Peak and look at the moon. McGinnis pounced like a satyr and had Helen in the back-seat whilst I was still pondering. Bill kept me company in front.

I prefer to forget that drive. Alright, the moon was up there, big and proud and magnetic. Still I was furious when McGinnis was lifting his way through 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' and when he was quiet my ears positively twitched with apprehension. Bill didn't say a word.

As we approached the top of the Peak the traffic thickened, and from Jardine's Corner progress became a crawl. Policemen strove manfully to unravel the tangle of scores of cars, hundreds of walkers. It was a strangely moving scene. In the flat area around the Peak Tram a solid mass of moon-viewers, and all up the steep rise of Mount Austin an undulating stream. We decided to park and join the throng on foot. This was to be my big mistake number two.

Helen stood by the car for a moment, straight and slim in the headlights. She was no longer the Helen of—was it just yesterday? There was—I can't quite get it—a sort of regal calm and poise about her, and yet, an amused air of wait-and-see. She clicked her fingers at us. "Come on. I'm in charge now. Remember—the female is in the ascendant." Bill laughed warmly, and McGinnis looked at me archly. I could have kicked him. And so the pilgrimage began. At first there was a rightness about the gay laughter, the chatter, the feeling of intimacy with a great crowd, the urge to get nearer to that almost-hypnotic moon. Then I heard a wheezing just behind me, and for the first time felt a little sorry for poor old McGinnis.

"I think I'll just take it easy for a space," he gasped, and no amount of wheedling from Helen would budge him from the boulder on to which he had dropped. I thought I detected a twinkle in Helen's eyes, but her face was quite innocent as she turned to Bill and myself and asked if we felt up to it. I was quite rattled, and spluttered: "Of course! That's what we came for, wasn't it?" And so—on and on and on. Past sprawling picknickers, past close couples soaking in moon-influence. I suddenly realised I was dropping back, that Helen and Bill were striding on arm-in-arm. There was a thumping in my ears, and as if through a fog, I heard myself croaking, "Hoy! Wait for me!" How pathetic when you came to think of it. Thirty-five, and benten by a little hill-trek. I still think there was witchery about.

Helen dragged Bill back to where I stood, splayfooted, breathing like a traction-engine. She was all sympathy. Would it help if I had a short rest? Did I think I'd gone far enough? Why didn't I see how John was? This last I grasped at, saving my pride. Yes, I'd do that, and

HONGKONG FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS 1957

Literary Section



George Ramage and the cup.

with a weary gesture moonwards told them to carry on. Helen smiled tolerantly, and with a cryptic, "It's in the book" swung Bill around and away.

I found McGinnis some distance down, still fighting for breath. Away far above our heads, in another world, I heard Helen's clear, vibrant call of "Come on, Bill, we're almost there." I looked at McGinnis, and he looked at me, and we both smiled ruefully.

Female in the ascendant

"YOU know, Charles," he said, with all the warm Irish puckishness pouring out, "it's a fine thing to know when you're beaten. And by a young scamp of a girl at that. Now, I blame myself entirely for stirring up Helen with all this moon-talk, but between you and me and the gatepost, it's all for the best."

"What do you mean?" I growled, although I'd already guessed. "I know I'm beaten, and you know you're beaten. But does young Bill, uh? I don't think he stands a chance up there. I'm quite sure the female is in the ascendant." And his rich laugh rolled down the slopes and I found myself joining in with a queer feeling of having had a narrow escape.

He was quite right, of course. We waited in the car, and after an eternity two dazed-looking immortals approached. I looked questioningly at them. Helen's lips twitched, and she nodded. Bill lifted his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders in mock-surrender. And the moon smiled serenely on and on and on.

THE END.



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Disc-Dizzy

A City Editor asks: Is this the most astonishing phenomenon of our times?

HERE came more news of the longest playing boom in British industry—in gramophone records. The dull and dreary output figures for the first eight months of the year. So far 7,300,000 more records have been sold than in the same period of 1956—and that with the peak selling period just about to start.

The jubilant record chiefs expect to sell 75,000,000 records this year—a fifth more than last year. With these vital statistics before them the record bosses, like tough and eager "Ted" Lewis of Decca, have a song in their hearts.

And it is "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"—a boom that has been swelling and swelling with every post-war year.

Such is the demand for records that the big companies like Decca and His Masters Voice are working day and night shifts to meet it.

And along the High Street on Saturday mornings the music shops teem with teenagers spending a pound or more on the latest "pop" records. For readers of my age (42) "Pop" is teenage jargon for what we oldersters called jazz in the twenties.

And the record buyers are the last queue in business—with some records frequently being "sold out" in a month.

An expert says

I ASKED a leading record maker the other day for an explanation of this phenomenal boom in record buying. Crisply he said: "The teenagers are getting back to the habits of our mums and dads—the habit of home entertainment."

To the teenagers the pop record sessions at their homes are equal to the musical evenings around the piano so dearly loved by the Victorians. (My teenage daughter will be horrified at breakfast to read that she and her friends have Victorian habits).

But the fact is borne out by the falling but still record-high sales of the Victorians. An evening with pop is replacing the 4s. worth

of dark at the cinema with the teenagers.

Teenagers can make a star between breakfast and tea-time on a Saturday.

Take the case of Mr Paul Anka—an unknown Canadian singer.

His slow rock 'n' roll number for the brightly-coloured covers—sleeves to the enthusiast—are fine artistic productions. And they cost as much as 2s. 6d. to produce and are so skillfully designed that they make the best contemporary wallpaper look Victorian.

The classics are bought

ABOUT 70 per cent of the 75,000,000 records are pop—the old-time 10-inch, 78 revs to the minute, and the new long players, L. P.s to the lads and ladies.

The other 30 per cent are light music and the classics. But the teenagers are not just pop-mad—they also are the big buyers of the classics at £2 a record.

And before the long-haired cultural characters sneer at the pop records let them be reminded that without pop there would be no classics. For the profits from the pops subsidise the expensive classics.

That scourge of the middleclass like me, Elvis Presley, has just hit 500,000 with "Got a lot of love to do."

And wonder boy Tommy Steele, late of Derhamsey, hit 500,000 with "Water Water" which, my teenage adviser brightly tells me "isn't even a

good beat number," whatever that may mean.

A recent marketing of Richard Strauss's opera "Der Rosenkavalier" cost £20,000 to produce—four records costing £8. You need to sell a lot of "Rosenkavalier" to cover those costs, but Elvis the Pelvis will bail the opera out.

And sales go on growing

THIS is no Flash Harry boom. At one time it looked as though the gramophone record had had its day along with the trapeze. But since 1954 sales have doubled and are expected to hit the £20,000,000 this year and go on growing.

The economies of the gramophone record are difficult to get, but on a 6s. pop the big star is lucky if he gets 2d. On that basis the unknown singer Mr Anka can pick up some £50,000 from the record the kids like.

And as you might expect you must pay a toll for your pleasures—and the Government extracts 1s. 7d. in purchase tax on every pop.

Players also boom

FINALLY, to play records you need a record player. And the makers are booming too. Birmingham Sound Reproductions, which started making record changers in 1952, has boosted its profits since then from £50,000 to £364,000 last year.

THE OUTSIDER FINDS IT HARD TO BE ORIGINAL

THE BOOK PAGE

RELIGION AND THE REBEL. By Colin Wilson. Gollancz, 21s. 333 pages.

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

COLIN WILSON's first book, *The Outsider*, was acclaimed as if it were the advent of a major prophet. Quite eminent critics were bounced out of their stupor to speak with enthusiasm of the prodigy.

A few sceptics remained untouched by the frenzy. They were not convinced to the contrary by learning that Mr Wilson had slept, night after

night, in a bag on Hampstead Heath and that a sculptor, after modelling Mr Wilson in his turtle-neck sweater, had exclaimed: "I liked the faunlike quality his slanting eyes gave him."

COINCIDENCE

The author himself was wistfully overcome by the strangeness and wonder of his life. "How extraordinary," he confided to his diary, "that my fame should have corresponded with that of James Dean, Elvis Presley, Bill Haley and Lonnie Donegan."

But the Royal Court Theatre rejected his play, *Death of God*, which Ronald Duncan, a selector, declared seemed "to have been inspired by a TV children's hour serial."

Now comes Mr Wilson's second book. It reveals that he is not a thinker or even a very good writer. His style is often pedestrian at times downright careless. His judgments are neither startling nor profound.

Hasty judgment is uncannily united to commonplace statement in a phrase like, "The Great Gatsby is generally recognised as one of the great novels of modern times." And Wilson's firm grasp of the banal appears in "If the 20th century could produce even a few more men of Newman's stature, the whole course of history might be changed."

On the positive side, Wilson is serious, naive, egotistical. He has read much but digested less. Having a retentive memory, he is mighty free with quotations, so that Religion and the Rebel resembles a sweet pudding full of other men's currents.

Wilson's second book is really his first all over again. It is about Outsiders, men who feel themselves "lonely in the crowd of the second-rate." This broad definition (an Outsider is anybody Wilson wants to include in the team) enables him to rehash the lives and "analyse" the ideas of Spengler, Swedenborg, Pascal, Scott Fitzgerald, Rimbaud and other ill-assorted worthies.

NO CONCLUSION

He convinces himself and, perhaps, some unwary readers that the book has a unifying theme—the Outsider's quest for

a religious solution to life's problems. And at last he arrives—where exactly? "Perhaps I simply failed to grasp my own conclusions." This is too modest. There are no conclusions.

The truth about Mr Wilson must be faced: (1) He is a popular journalist, with plenty of real curiosity. (2) He has a faunlike talent for personal publicity which would bring respect from Elvis Presley, Bill Haley and Lonnie Donegan. (3) The sceptics were right.

MANY INTERESTS

FRIENDS, FOES AND FOREIGNERS. By Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart. Putnam, 21s. 286 pages.

IN the diverting gallery of his new book, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart exhibits far more friends than foes. They are a varied assembly—for Sir Robert's interests are broad (with a special emphasis on Fettes, football and fishing)—and each comes alive in a characteristic anecdote.

There are sportsmen as venerable as the Rev. Roger Davidson, ex-rugby player and Minister of Kilmarnock who attributes his longevity to a sparing diet—two double couplings of whisky at lunch at the Perth Club—and as sentimental as Bob Fitzsimmons, the boxer, who weeps over the defeat of Jim Jeffries by Jack Johnson.

James Thurber visiting Edinburgh, explains his theory that owing to the pace of modern life and drinking, the best American writers die before 60.

(—London Express Service.)

A LITTLE TRIVIAL THIS TIME MISS SAGAN

THOSE WITHOUT SHADOWS. By Françoise Sagan. John Murray, 9s. 6d. 124 pages.

IN her third short novel Françoise Sagan attempts something a little more ambitious than the single love affairs which occupied her first two books. She abandons the first person narrative which served her so well in them and presents for our inspection some eight young Parisians viewed from the outside.

And, at first, she looks as if she is going to be equally successful this time. In just a dozen brisk, concise pages she has lighted up her stage, set it, and made us instantly familiar with her main characters, their lives and temperaments.

MIXED RELATIONS

The weak and, gentle Bernard writes bad novels and guilts his unambitious and ageing wife Nicole in his passion for Josée. Josée is only mildly interested in him; she is rich enough to be able to indulge her own tastes and has picked up with a tough medical student who doesn't really belong to their set.

Bernard's ex-girl friend is Bourrice, a good girl only interested in her theatrical ambitions and willing to further them at anyone's expense. One of her victims is Alain, the head of the publishing firm for which Bernard works. Another is his romantic and handsome young cousin, Edouard, just arrived in Paris from the provinces.

The lightness and deftness with which Miss Sagan weaves in each of these threads commands an instant admiration. She catches a whole temperament in one snatch of conversation, or pinpoints a fatal defect of character by one small significant action.

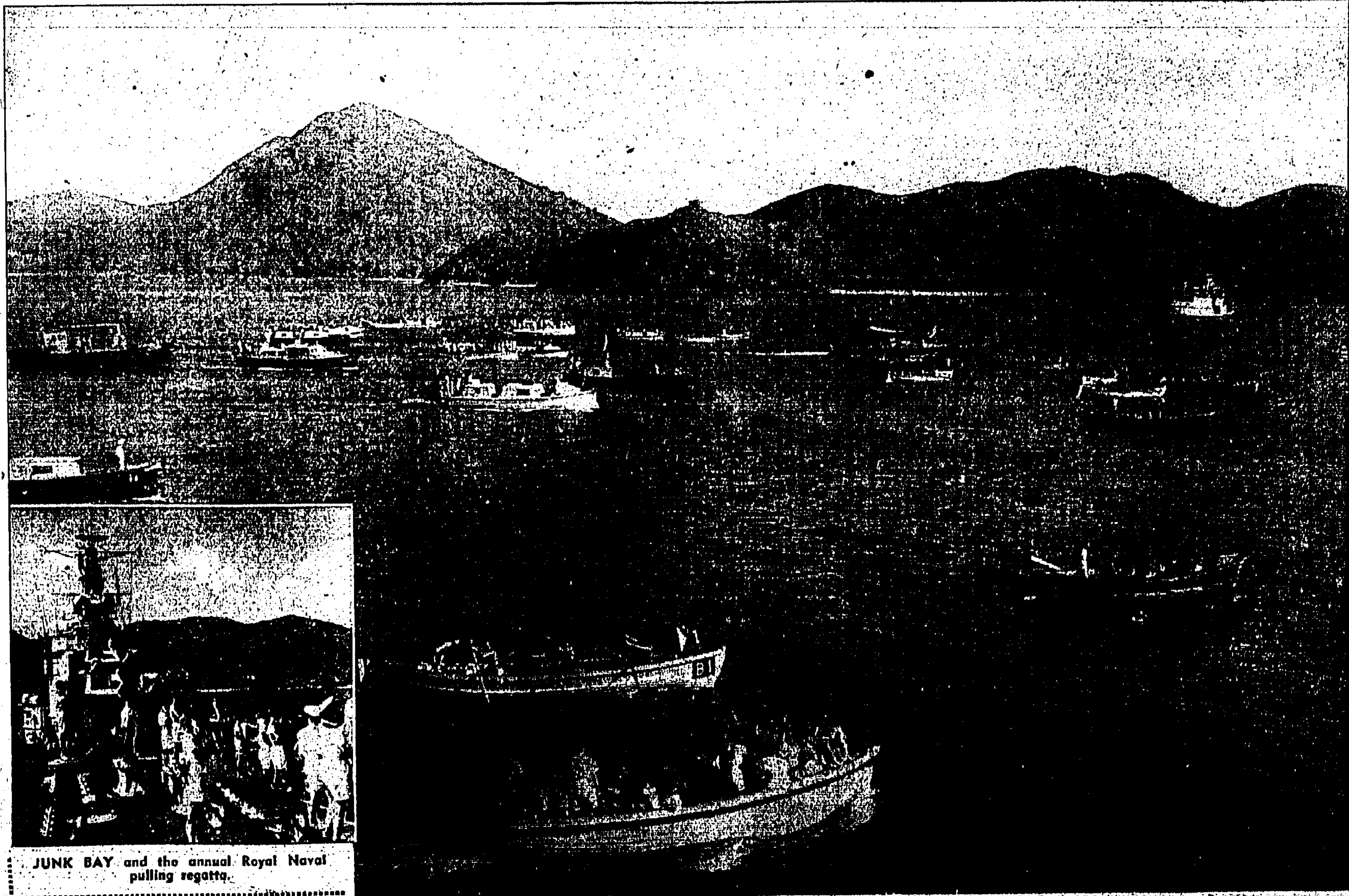
But as the story develops we become aware of a falling away. She hasn't enough experience—technical experience, I mean—to keep each of her threads going equally strongly.

That very consciousness and brevity which was the strength of the earlier and simpler books becomes a weakness in dealing with this more complicated plot. It all becomes a little trivial, almost noveletistic.

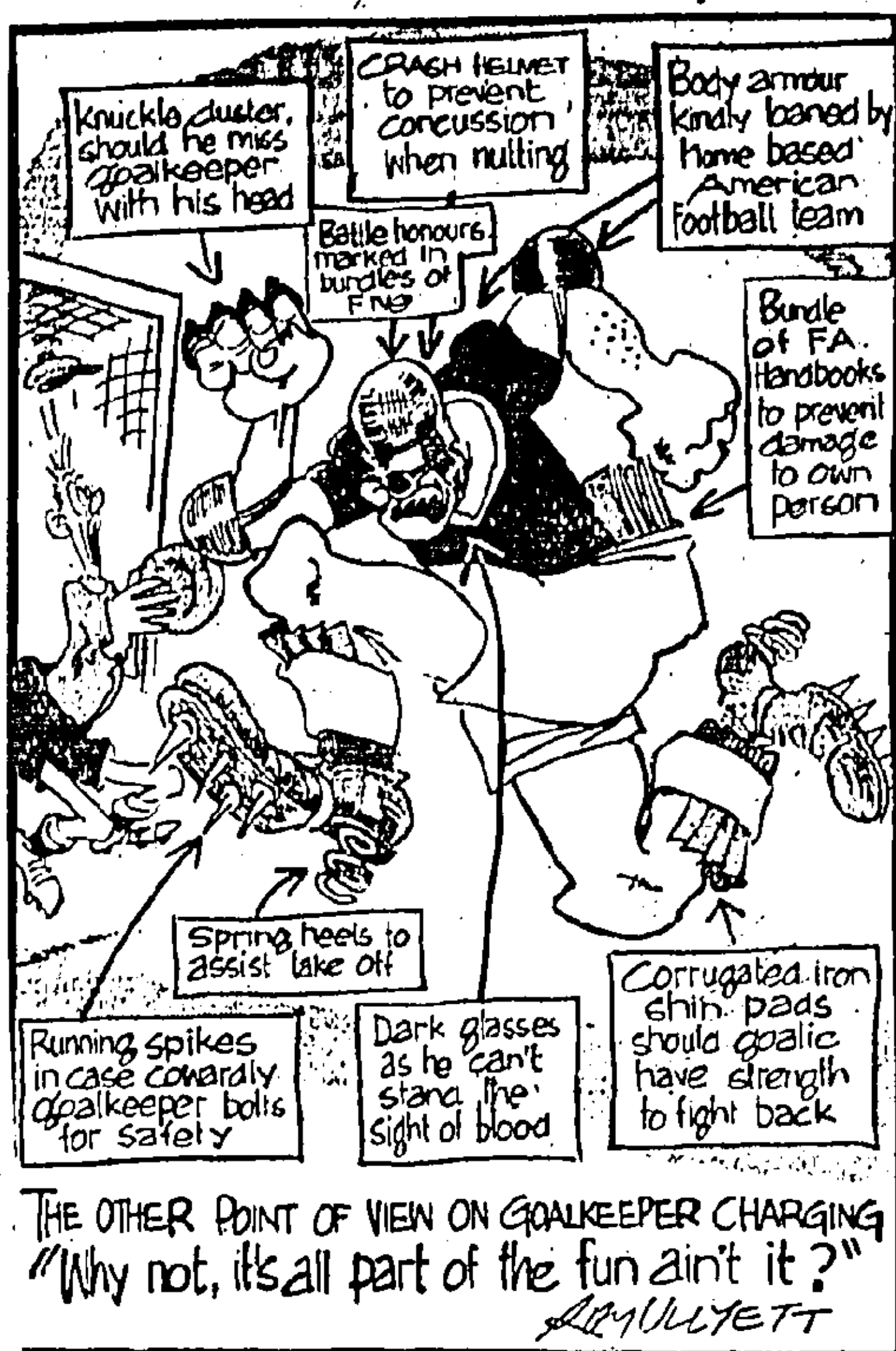
But I do not want to give an impression of complete failure. The novel is, in fact, light and witty, frequent flashes of Miss Sagan's characteristic talent. And, after all, she had to try to extend her range. It is, perhaps, that she hasn't extended it enough. A hundred and twenty odd pages can contain the story of a single love affair, but they are too little in which to explore four or five.

RICHARD LISTER

(—London Express Service.)



JUNK BAY and the annual Royal Naval pulling regatta.



SEMINOLES AFTER THE RECORD

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What is the usual number of rounds in a world title fight?
2. When did England and Australia first meet at cricket? And in what country?
3. Who is Yuriy Stepanov?
4. In what sports can you hear the expressions—throwing in the towel; hitting it for six; kicking for touch.
5. Who was the first known cricketer to achieve 1,000 runs and 100 wickets in one season?
6. Which was the first world heavyweight title fight to attract a "million dollar gate"?
7. What is the fastest time in which an athlete has run the mile?
8. Who was the last American to win the Wimbledon men's singles title?
9. Where would you be if you were watching cricket from The Tavern?
10. What's the name? "Called the Ace of Abo... won nine Olympic gold medals... set up world records over distances ranging from one mile to 20,000 metres."

(Answers see Page 17)

20th Consecutive Win Due This Afternoon

By "TIME OUT"

Seven softball games are down for decision this coming week—end. Two in the Senior League, three in the Juniors and two in the Ladies'. What should be most interesting will be Ed Carvalho's undefeated Seminoles' bid to break the record of nineteen consecutive wins set by the Blackhawks in 1951 when they tangle with the South China squad in the Junior League this afternoon at 2 p.m. Sharing the spotlight will be another Junior tilt between the University Undergraduates and Sheridan Hamet's Comets, also scheduled for this afternoon at 3.30 p.m.

Having already tied the record of nineteen consecutive wins, the champion Seminoles enter the field this afternoon very much the pre-game favourites. Manager Carvalho will make use of every man available—a custom in the Seminoles that keeps all players content and enthusiastic—but will probably have the following starting line-up:

The battery will consist of Lal Dayaram and Peter D'Almeida. Dayaram's steady pitching and D'Almeida's rifle arm pers to second make them one of the most respected combinations in the Junior League. The desirable infield quartet of this formidable team consists of that "batting wonder", Kion-

di Wong at the windy-alley, solid Bernard Lee at first, slugger Roberto Green at the key-stone and ever-reliable Johnson Shen at the hot-corner. In the pastures, the trio will consist of versatile Lo Pak-huen at left, Lionel Dayaram or Marcelino Baptista at centre and Zinho Rosa at right. Dishing up

good defensive ball as well as aggressive, the "murderers row" of Green, Wong, Lee, Baptista, provides the required slugging power. With the million dollar teamwork backing him, pitcher Dayaram should have little or no trouble in hurling his team to "RECORDVILLE".

Promising Pitcher

The Nam Wah squad have lost all their games and are not likely to upset the Champions, but as I said last week, "Anything can happen in a ball game." South China has a very promising pitcher in the person of William Christie and it seems a great pity that he does not get that so much needed support from his teammates to chalk up a victory.

Immediately following this tilt, Sheridan Hamet's proud Comets lock horns with the Undergraduates from Pokfulam in what should be a keenly contested game. Both sides have lost two games and the outcome of this struggle will be of great importance as a loss for either side will mean "au revoir" to the pennant until next year.

Lifting the curtain tomorrow morning at 10.00 a.m., the ladies dominate the field of the League-leading Hurricanes meet the University girls at the "A" ground and the South China nine encounter the lowly CAA at the "B" ground.

At 11.30 a.m. Mark Kwong's underestimates CAA meet the sophisticated Warriors in the Senior League. The Athletics most surprisingly upset the Pennant-holders a fortnight ago and if they should take advantage of the fact that the Warriors will be without the services of some of their key players, they might cause another sensation upset. The Warriors have too many STARS in the team and this is a very good reason for the Warriors to degrade.

Optimistic Views

At 2.00 p.m. the Minors once again take over the field when Fred Diesta's PI Dodgers engage the inexperienced Austers. This tussle means very much to the Dodgers as they have lost only one game and have their own optimistic views of clinching the crown from the champion Seminoles.

The Dodgers suffered their defeat at the hands of the cocky Choyenoes and have yet to meet the Seminoles for a showdown. For the Austers the story is just the same. A victory will once again be solely on old man Cooper's hurling. The alrmen are a keen bunch, but the lack of suitable coaching prevents them from shaping into a top team.

The last game of the day will be played off at 3.30 p.m. when the Senior South China nine battle it out with the US Navy, once again represented by the USS Orca. The Senior South China, like their Junior squad, have yet to win a game. A lack of a suitable pitcher seems to be the main reason for South China not breaking into the win column.

Sports Diary

TODAY

First Day of Fourth Race Meeting, Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

1st Division: CCC v IRC, Army "South" v Navy, Scorpions v Optimists, Police v Army "North", KCC v RAF.

2nd Division: KGV v Dockyard, DSS v KCC "Hornet", Army "South" v Army "North", IRC v KCC "Wasps", RAF v HKU.

1st Division: Bing Tao v Jardines (Club), Kwong Wan v CAA (HS) both matches at 4 p.m.
Reserve Division: Bing Tao v Army (Club) at 2.30 p.m.; Police v South China (HS) at 2.30 p.m.
2nd Division: HSMC v Telephone (HS) at 4 p.m.; Gymnastic v Taikee (HS) at 4 p.m.
3rd Division: South China v HKU (HS) at 2.30 p.m.; Mercantile v AFS (HS) at 4 p.m.

Rugby
Club "B" v 48 Bde (SK) at 3 p.m.; Navy v RAF Mainland (SK) at 3 p.m.; Club "A" v Police (AS) at 3 p.m.; Garrison v RAF Island (AS) at 4.15 p.m.

Ladies' League: Victorians v King's (HS) at 3 p.m.

More Letters For Roger Bannister

Lieutenant Roger Bannister of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was the first man to run the mile in less than four minutes, has been admitted a Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London. After his world record breaking run in 1954, when asked if he would concentrate on "breaking running records, he said he had his future as a doctor to consider.

Now he can boast these letters after his name: CBE, MA, DSc, MR, ChB, RANZC, plus the latest MRCP. He began his two years National Service this year and is now serving as a medical officer at the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank, London.

After breaking the mile record with 3 mins. 59.4 secs. on May 6, 1954, he went on to cover the distance in 3 mins. 59.8 secs. at the Empire Games on August 7 of the same year. He married in 1955.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

FOURTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 23rd and Saturday 30th November 1957

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$32.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 22nd November will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively, but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building (Chater Road), 5, D'Agular Street and 382, Nathan Road during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 23rd January, 1958, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tao men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, A. E. ARNOLD, Secretary.



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NO CAUSE FOR EXCITEMENT

THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGBY Club "A" Play Police, Garrison Clash With RAF Island

By "PAK LO"

Once again this week-end there has been a change in the rugby programme, for this afternoon the Navy are in the midst of their annual competitions, and will not be able to play off their fixture.

However, HMNZS Royalist has stepped into the breach, and although unable to field their best team, which this afternoon is taking part in the Fleet Rugby competition, she has produced another XV which will play RAF Mainland at Sookunpoo at 4.15 p.m.

As a curtain raiser on the same ground at 3.00 p.m., Club "B" will face 48 Brigade, while on the other side of the hat-bow, at the Army Boundary Street ground, Club "A" take on the Police at 3.00 p.m. and following them at 4.15 p.m., following them at 4.15 p.m., Island.

There are two other games of rugby this afternoon, and these are both between Navy XVs. At 1.30 p.m. Newfoundland meets the 1st Frigate Squadron, and at 3.30 p.m. Royalist clashes with the 8th Destroyer Squadron in the first round of the Fleet Rugby Competition.

Second Round

Both these games are at Causeway Bay. Tamar and the 10th Destroyer Squadron were given byes into the second round, which will be played off on Monday afternoon with the final being held at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. on the Causeway Bay ground.

The expected battle between Club "A" and Garrison will now definitely take place on the Club ground at 6.30 p.m. under floodlights on Monday, and this should be the best game of the season to date.

It is unlikely that there will be any surprise results in this afternoon's games. Club "A", though without Penman and MacTavish through injuries, are still more than strong

enough in the pack to take care of the Police.

The usual Club scrum half, Seward, has been dropped this week to give Tancock, the "B" scrum half, his chance with the senior side. Even if he does not justify his selection the Club three are still too powerful for the Police back division.

The Club "B", facing 48 Brigade, are in much the same position as the Police. They are up against a team which has a very strong pack, and a good set of three, and though the latter could be upset, the Club "B's" back division has still too many weak defensive points, and I cannot see them winning.

In the Garrison-RAF Island match, which should be the best of the afternoon, there is again much the same problem. Here there is a chance of an upset, but it is unlikely, for Garrison are at full strength and their three are much faster and more elusive than the Islanders, and the Garrison pack should get a reasonable share of the ball from the scrums and the line-out, and while the Islanders are a much improved side, despite last Saturday's setback, they are not strong enough to thrash Garrison.

In the other game between RAF Mainland and Royalist it is impossible to predict the winner as nothing is known of the abilities of the Royalist XV, but knowing that this is a New Zealand team, a hard and fast, and probably exciting game may

be expected. Certainly it will be good practice for RAF Mainland, who are sadly in need of it.

Today's Teams

Club "A": O'Kelly, Cooke, Inglis, Choma, Stevens, Valentine, Tancock, Williams, Shaffer, Whiteley, H. Miller, Howe, J. King, Wright, Elliott, Club "B": Kirkwood, MacArthur, Stone, Brown, Lee, Dawson, Seward, Turner, King, Summers, Berger, Swindley, Armstrong-Wright, Ross, D. Miller.

Police: Johnston, O'Regan, Scott, Slevin, McIlven, Walker, Lloyd, Sheley, Cunningham, Dakin, Forster, Brown, Black, Brown, Miller, Garrison: Busby, Sharp, Gerrard, Rod, Hayward, Davies, Lowe, Wilberforce, Shaddock, Cross, Hemingway, Child, Green, Abbott, Johnson, RAF Island: Hoyt, Clarke, Little, Myers, Apple, Corbett, Hitchens, Southwick, Fowler, Elmore, Phillips, Aldridge, Watt, Gilliland, Hamilton.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Fifteen.
2. 1870, Australia.
3. Russia's most famous high jumper.
4. Boxing; Cricket; Rugby.
5. W. G. Grace.
6. Georges Carpentier versus Jack Dempsey in Jersey City, 1921.
7. 3min 57.2 sec. by Derek Hobson in July, 1957.
8. Tony Trabert.
9. Lord's Cricket Ground.
10. Paavo Nurmi.

Senior Shield Draw A Disappointment To Fans

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Earlier this week you must have read the draw for the first rounds of the Senior and Junior Shields. While it is true that there is always special interest in the annual knock-out competition, few followers of the game will disagree with the comment by many fans that there is little cause for excitement as far as the 1957 draw for the Senior Shield is concerned.

The Army-South China tie could, of course, throw up a real crackerjack tussle, particularly as the soldiers have nothing but the bitterest memories of their meeting with the Caroline Hill boys a couple of weeks ago. This latest pairing gives them a great chance for quick and adequate revenge... and if they can repeat the form they showed in the last game between the clubs they may well cause a major upset.

Apart from the possibilities of soccer fireworks in this particular match the draw has really been a most disappointing affair and it raises once again the question of whether or not the present arrangements are the best possible. Is there any workable alternative that would provide a shot in the mid-season arm?

Can we cultivate here in Hong-kong the same eager anticipation as that which surrounds the announcements of the various rounds of the FA Cup in England, in Scotland, and in many of the great footballing countries of Europe and South America?

I believe we can. It has frequently been suggested in recent years that the present segregation of Senior and Junior clubs should be discontinued and that there should be one all-in competition for all League sides.

For a time, I confess, I thought such a plan was a good one, but now I'm not so sure. In fact, I'm almost convinced that it just would not work.

Not Good Enough

There are several reasons for my change of opinion, but the most important... is that the most practical... is that many of the minor league clubs simply are not good enough.

Some of the teams I have watched in action in the middle of the season at 11:00 p.m. have been unbelievably poor. Frequently the standard of football they have played has been absolutely rock-bottom and certainly they have no "merit" claim to a place in any comprehensive draw that might see them matched against teams from other parts of the island. In fact, against any side from the First Division.

Nevertheless I still believe the present Senior competition has lost a lot of its appeal. It has failed to change to keep pace with the highly significant changes which have been taking place steadily in Colony football and now—apart from the occasional early clash of the big names—it almost inevitably resolves itself into one more clash between those few sides who are already fighting it out for League honours.

The characteristics of Hong-kong football competition during the last three years have been very consistent and South China, Eastern, and then South China again have finished the season as "Double" champions... that is, they have won both the

League Championship title and the Senior Shield.

That is a bad thing for soccer. There are many reasons why it happens and judging by the way things are going this season it would indeed be a rash speculation to bet that it will not happen for the fourth successive year.

A Major Upset

The whole essence of knock-out competitions in football is the possibility of a major upset... of the unexpected happening... of some little side claiming a moment of glory by crossing soccer swords with one of the big names... and maybe even beating them.

Only those football followers who have lived close to this sort of atmosphere can really appreciate what it means to the game and to those who take part in it.

I have seen the players in little teams play like men possessed: I have seen fanatical supporters literally fight their way into points of vantage just to cheer their "little men" over some apparently impossible football obstacle. I have actually seen little townships go soccer crazy as their local team advanced unexpectedly through the early rounds of the national competition; in other words I have seen—as of course have countless others—what can be achieved to stimulate vital blood flow of both player and spectator interest, and these in their turn are the very lifeblood of the game.

The Right Kind

It is true that temperaments and circumstances here are somewhat different from those found in Britain for example, but until they have been put to the right kind of test I shall not be convinced that our players, officials, and spectators are indifferent to the challenge, the thrills, or the incomparable stimulations of real "sudden-death" football.

How can such a situation be created here in Hong-kong? I discussed this matter at great length with a couple of our keenest football personalities the other evening and while we agreed that the local competitions could do with some kind of an overhaul we found it hard to say just how that might be done to the best advantage of the game.

We chewed things over and eventually we thought we had found a workable plan. The more I've thought about it in the days since then the more I think it provides at least the basis for a really progressive

competition that would do a lot to instill some typical Cup-tie fever into our annual knock-out tournaments.

The general idea is that the teams in the Second, Third and Fourth Divisions should take part in a qualifying competition on a knockout principle starting early in the season and that a certain number of them who survived the preliminary rounds should go into the hat with the First Division clubs for the first round proper of a real Colony competition.

Maybe there's not a lot that's particularly original in the idea, but surely even the greatest supporters of the present segregation of the Senior and minor sides into separate competitions will agree that it is constructive and at least worthy of exhaustive consideration.

Maybe you would like to try this little test to assess just what interest there is in the present tournaments... Ask the first football follower you meet to tell you who has been drawn against who in the First Round of the Senior Shield; give him the South China-Army pairing as a free gift and ask him to name any three other ties.

Little Enthusiasm

You'll be surprised how very little enthusiasm the draw has aroused. I asked nine different people before I found one who could tell me the correct particulars of any three First Round games... and up to the time of writing this I have not been able to find one who could name the teams who received a bye into the second round.

The Hongkong Football Association has already shown the progressive spirit by introducing the promotion and relegation system to our League competition. That is a step in the right direction even though there are some pretty active critics of the "Up-and-Down" arrangement. It has given every game an importance that was sadly missing in the pre-clubs fought out the Championship race and the also-rans coasted to a leisurely safe, and often indifferent end of the season.

Now every game is vital to both contestants. Indifference has been eliminated and sides, like the Club, for example, have found a new spirit of determination not to be relegated. There can be a similar rebirth of interest in the Senior Shield by widening its bounds to embrace those minor clubs who successfully fight their way through a qualifying competition.

It's worth official consideration, don't you think...???

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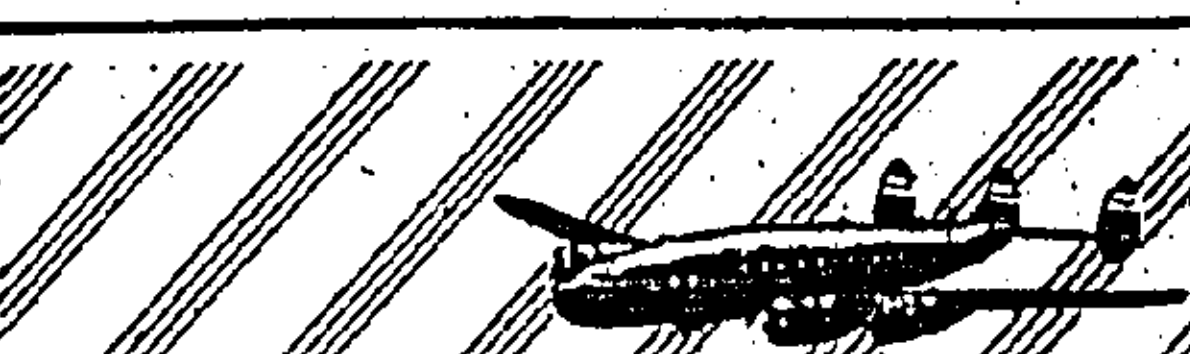


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NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Velocity
2 Catching the express?
3 Iron curtain country
4 European capital
5 Disks
6 Go faster
7 These games
8 Sporting events
9 Pastimes
10 Trail
11 Famous football club
12 For physical training?

Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC

By CATHAY PACIFIC

PRESSURISED DC-6 SERVICE

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby

HER HUSBANDS TERRIBLY RICH!
RIGHT! DON'T BE SILLY!
HE OWES THE BANK £150,000!
WELL, WE COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD THE INTEREST ON A LOAN THAT BIG!

YESTERDAY NEVER MIND TOMORROW, IT'S PAY DAY!
TODAY IT DOESN'T LEAVE US MUCH POCKET MONEY!
IT'S ANOTHER BILL—JUST COME!
NEVER MIND, GEORGE! IT'S PAY DAY IN SIX DAYS' TIME!

"I always bake a better cake"

says Mr. Therm

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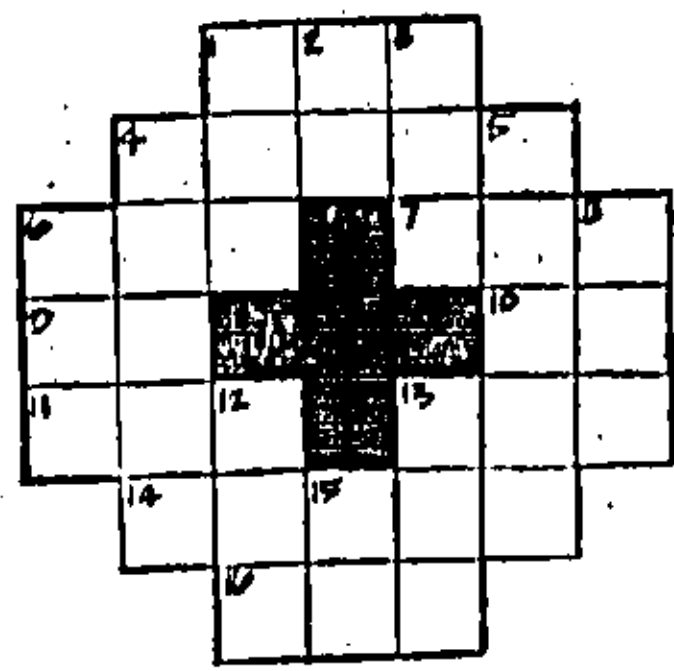
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS**
- Boy's name
 - Stage play
 - Before
 - Cleopatra's snake
 - Behold!
 - Toward
 - Collection of sayings
 - Born
 - Come in
 - Morning moisture
- DOWN**
- Anger
 - Egyptian sun god
 - Wine cup
 - Kind of bee
 - Autumn flower
 - Note in Guido's scale
 - American writer
 - In addition
 - Not old
 - Total expenses (ab.)

SCRAMBLERS

Scramble "a city in Oklahoma" for "to eat" and again for "a brood of pheasants." Scramble "Paradise" for "a low sand hill" and again for "require." Scramble "a poetic word for 'above'" and have "fish eggs" and again for "mineral rock."

(Solutions on Page 19)

TRIANGLE

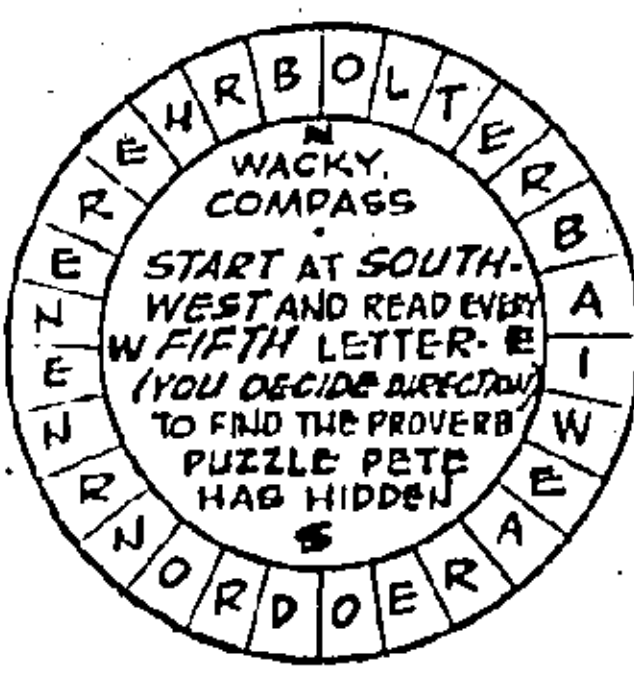
CARTONS provide a base for the "Puzzler's" word triangle. The second word is "a parent"; third "a golfer's term"; fourth "and"; fifth "a Spanish boulevard"; and sixth "a young lady." Complete the triangle:

CARTON

TRUE OR FALSE?

- Can you decide which of these sentences is true and which false?
- The Grand Canal is in Vienna.
 - The North Shore is in Chicago.
 - Buckingham Palace is in Paris.
 - Faneuil Hall is in Philadelphia.

WACKY COMPASS



Legend Explains Why Owl Is Sacred

MANY, MANY years ago, a Spanish woman named Locita took her baby daughter with her when she went to the Canadian River to do the family laundry. Because there is very little rainfall in New Mexico, the water supply is scarce and limited. Often people had to go a long distance to get water for household uses. Many women like Locita went to the river to do their washing.

Shortly after Locita reached the river, she became very ill and died almost immediately. The little girl lay beside her mother's body, all alone and unprotected. Some time later, a large rattlesnake crawled through the grass near the child. When the snake saw the little girl, it coiled ready to strike her.

Nearby, a wise old owl was roosting on the branch of a tree. Seeing the child's danger, the owl flew down from the tree and pounced upon the coiled rattlesnake with such force that it killed it.

At this very moment, some of the village people, returning home from their day's work, passed near the little girl. When they saw the owl kill the snake and save the baby, they were filled with great awe.

From that time the people of the village believed that at death our ancestors' spirits went into owls that watched over later generations and protected them from evil.

For this reason, the owl is sacred in Roy, N. M.

New
EXPRESS ANNUAL
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ZOO'S WHO



TURTLES HAVE NO TEETH, BUT THE JAWS HAVE HORNY EDGES THAT CAN CUT HARD SUBSTANCES.



IT IS SAID THAT THE MULLET IS THE ONLY FISH RICH ENOUGH TO FRY IN ITS OWN FAT.



THE GORILLA IS THE FAREST OF APES, NOT ONE HAS EVER BEEN BORN IN CAPTIVITY.

A Butterfly Amounts To Something

By MABEL HARMER

ROCKY Butterfly was a great disappointment to his mother and father. For that matter his parents were a great disappointment to him. They simply wouldn't allow him to be himself. Rocky's mother hoped he would be a poet. His father wanted him to be a boxing champ. Rocky wished you would go out and listen to his hummingbird hum," said his mother. "It might give you an inspiration." "Stop worrying about me, Mother," replied Rocky. "You'll get wrinkles. I'll turn into something."



"Back into a worm, probably," remarked a beetle who was having a late breakfast nearby. "Are you going to sit there and take that?" demanded Rocky's father. Rocky looked at the beetle's armor and said, "Yes." His father glanced back at the beetle again. "Maybe he is a real tough for you to tackle," he admitted. "Why not go over and challenge that ladybug? You're at least 10 times his size."

Rocky sighed. He wished that his father would leave him alone. It didn't seem very polite to challenge a lady to a boxing match, even if her last name was bug.

"A thing for peace in the family," he sighed, and flew over to address the insect. "Good morning, lady," he began. "How about a bit of sparring—bug?"

"Flutter by, butterfly," she replied coolly, flicking a speck of dust from her beauty spots. Then she flew away herself. Rocky considered chasing her, but only for a moment. He flew lazily over to a honeysuckle vine and settled down, spreading his wings in the sunlight. Just then he heard a voice say, "Ah, a perfect specimen! If only it will hold still, I'll get a fine picture."

Rocky stayed very still. Being a model was much easier than boxing or writing poetry.

The man took three pictures. Then he said, "This will be wonderful for my book," and went away. Rocky flew home again. "I didn't get any inspiration for a poem," he told his parents. "and I haven't done any boxing. But I've done even better. I posed for a picture to go in a book. What's more, I was simply being myself."

There was peace after that.

Grasshoppers Can Be Food

THE INDIANS in the Great Basin often ate grasshoppers.

They could not be too particular as to what they ate, for there was no great abundance of food as there was in some of the other parts of America. Sometimes the long-horned grasshoppers swarmed over the lands of these Indians, and they were glad to see these insects, for it meant an abundance of food for a time.

They built a great circle of fire. As the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle, it forced the grasshoppers ahead of it.

So great piles of grasshoppers, singed by the fire, collected in the centre of the great fire circle and the Indians gathered them up easily.

INTERNATIONAL STAMP



Hubert Woyty-Wimmer, an Austrian now living at Acton, designed this stamp for the United Nations. It is the fifth of his designs for UNO. This stamp honours the International Telecommunications Union, the body coordinating radio and telephone services under United Nations auspices. The design shows a telephone dial bearing the UNO crest, telegraph tickers, and radio waves.

HOBBY CORNER

COLLECT MOUNTAINS ON STAMPS

By J. WORTHINGTON

COLLECTORS will be interested in the new U.S. stamp honouring a famous landmark in New Hampshire. This 3-cent stamp commemorates, Postmaster-General Arthur E. Summerfield announced, the discovery 150 years ago of the amazing stone formation known as "The Old Man of the Mountains."

The central design is a "profile" view of this natural formation which looks like a man's face, as seen from Franconia Notch, N. H. At the bottom is the state motto of New Hampshire: "Live Free or Die."

★ ★ ★

"The Old Man of the Mountains" is said by many to have been the inspiration for Nathaniel Hawthorne in writing his short story, "The Great Stone Face," which was read by many English classes. It attracts tourists year after year.

This issue will be of special interest to those who collect stamps related to literature and authors. It will also be a desirable item for those who make special collections of mountains on stamps.

"The Old Man" takes its place in a growing list of postage stamps which show mountains of the United States. In recent years these have included: Washington Territory Centennial (1953); Mt. Rushmore (1952); Grand Coulee Dam (1952); which shows mountains in the background, as does the Centenary commemorative (1951) of Nevada's first settlement.

The Palomar Observatory (1948) is also Palomar Mountain, of course, in California.



New Hampshire's "Old Man" is a favourite tourist attraction.

The National Parks issue of 1934 offers several fine mountain views: Mt. Rainier in Washington; Great White Throne, Utah; Mt. Rockwell, Montana; and the Great Smokies of North Carolina.

Going outside the borders of the United States, collectors may also include Mt. McKinley (1937), and two Jimas (1945) showing the now-famous raising of the United States flag on Mt. Suribachi. Still other mountains may be spotted with a bit of background, as does the Centenary commemorative (1951) of Nevada's first settlement.

"The Old Man of the Mountains" was placed on sale first on June 21 at Franconia, N. H., and thereafter at many other post offices throughout the States.

MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN TWO COLOURS



If you find these instructions at all difficult to follow, Mummy will be able to help you sort them out.

MATERIALS:

2 ozs. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool in light colour and 3 ozs. same wool in dark colour. 1 pair No. 9 needles.

TENSION:

5 sts. and 4 rows to 1 inch.

MEASUREMENTS:

8 ins. deep and 10 ins. wide.

ABBREVIATIONS:

Sts. stitches. K. knit. ins. inches, tog. together.

Use the 2 colours tog. throughout.

Cast on 50 sts. 1st row: K.1. * put needle in next st. as if to knit it, wind wool twice round right hand needle, then knit it, thus mak-

ing a double st. (i.e. 2 twists of light colour and 2 of dark); repeat from * across row.

2nd row: Slip the first half of st. knitwise, * hold the 2nd half of this st. with forefinger of left hand to prevent it slipping off needle, put needle through 1st half of next st. and this st. being held, wind wool twice round right hand needle and knit st.

You will see that you have knitted tog. half of one st. and half of next st.

Repeat 2nd row only until 8 ins. have been worked.

Next row: Cast off in this manner. * Knit 1st half st., put needle through the 2 sts. as before but do not wind wool twice round needle, just knit in the usual way; pull 1st st. over 2nd st. repeat from * to across row.

Work another piece the same. Join the two pieces tog. from top and bottom, leaving a 2 inch opening on the sides, for handle and spout.

Make a twisted cord with the dark wool, put around top of sock about 2 ins. down, pull up tightly, and the finish ends of cords with tassels on pompoms.

Great Pyramid Is A Mystery To Builders

THOUSANDS of years before our cities raised their elegant steel and concrete heads, there was a building in Egypt which surpasses the ingenuity of today's cleverest builders. That Egyptian structure, of course, is the Great Pyramid.

What is so unusual about the Pyramid? If you could examine the casing stones on its north face—stones that have escaped the wearing away by weather and souvenir hunters—you would discover that these 15-ton blocks had been fitted together with an accuracy of one one-hundredth of an inch.

A modern mason puts himself on the back if he achieves the accuracy of one-tenth of an inch between the joints. And he uses not 15-ton blocks, but

convenient sizes which can be jugged and manoeuvred about. How could these huge stones have been so neatly fitted together by a people who apparently had nothing but crude tools with which to work? Today's builder with a battery of machines and skilled workmen could hardly equal the task. He certainly could not guarantee that the building would keep its internal shape after thousands of years. Even stone will bend in time.

Yet the planes and angles of the Pyramid's galleries and chambers have scarcely changed through the ages. The Pyramid is considered to be one of the most—if not the most—accurate pieces of construction in the world.

In the world, twentieth-century buildings have crumbled, the Great Pyramid will probably remain standing.

McSnooze's Tall Tale

—Did He Really Keep The Rain From Falling?—

By MAX TRELL

THE voices came from behind the garden wall. Knarf and Hand, the shadows with the Tupperware names, were walking about in the garden. They heard the voices clearly. They recognised their friends Pixie O'Scowl and Pixie McSnooze.

As usual, O'Scowl and McSnooze were quarrelling. "Knarf and Hand listened for a few moments to try to find out what they were quarrelling over."

Much Too Lazy

"I don't believe a word of it," Pixie O'Scowl was saying. "You're much too lazy to have done all these things." "But I tell you I did them," Pixie McSnooze was saying. "You didn't," shouted Pixie O'Scowl.

"I did!" yelled Pixie McSnooze. By this time, Knarf and Hand had climbed over the wall. They found Pixie McSnooze sitting on the bent stem of a daisy, holding his chin in his hand while Pixie O'Scowl paced angrily back and forth in front of him.

"I don't believe a word of it," Pixie O'Scowl kept grumbling. "You couldn't have done what you said you did. You're too lazy."

Just then, the two Pixies noticed Knarf and Hand. "What's all this argument about?" Hand asked.

Pixie O'Scowl jerked a thumb toward McSnooze sitting on the bent daisy stem and said: "He says he built a fence, washed some clothes and kept the rain from falling."

It's The Truth

"And I did!" shouted Pixie McSnooze. "It's the truth!"

"It's impossible," said Pixie O'Scowl. "He's too lazy to have done any of those things. Besides, nobody can stop the rain from falling."

"I did I did!" Pixie McSnooze kept screaming.

Finally Knarf and Hand decided that McSnooze should be allowed to tell what he had done so that they all could see whether he was really telling the truth.

McSnooze rubbed his eyes, yawned and at length began as follows: "I was walking along the road when I saw that a fence needed to be built. Just then some men came along with hammers and chunks of wood and they started looking at the place, too. I could tell they were thinking that a fence ought to be built."

He Saw A Fence

"Well, I was standing there and I guess I must have closed

my eyes for a minute or two. When I opened them again, there was the fence a built. I must have built it in my sleep."

"You didn't!" shouted Pixie O'Scowl. "The men built it!"

"Oh no," said Pixie McSnooze. "The men weren't there any more. They had gone away."

"And what happened next?" Knarf asked Pixie McSnooze.

"The next thing I did was to hop down from the daisy. I was getting ready to wash a big basket of clothes. I shut my eyes and—presto!—the clothes were all washed and ready to be hung out on the line."

"Just then I looked up and saw a big black cloud coming and covering the sun. So I knew that I had to stop it from raining. And I did I did it with a sneeze."

"A sneeze?" Hand exclaimed in astonishment. "You stopped the rain from falling with a sneeze?"

Pixie McSnooze nodded. "I sneezed—a rather small little sneeze but it was big enough to make the grass stir. Then the leaves in the trees started to move. Then the whole tree swayed, then all the trees in the neighbourhood started swaying back and forth. For a great wind was now blowing, all stirred by my little sneeze."

"Pushed It Away"

"And, finally the wind blew up into the sky and started pushing the big black cloud. It pushed it away from the sun. It pushed it across the sky until it disappeared behind the hills and the sun shone again and it wasn't going to rain."

"And that's what I did and you've got to believe me."

Knarf and Hand did believe Pixie McSnooze.

But Pixie O'Scowl simply said: "Bah!" and straddled away in anger. Nobody could make him believe that his brother McSnooze wasn't the laziest Pixie (and the biggest storyteller) in the whole world of Pixies and people.

Rupert and Rusty—35



Rupert and Rusty are about half way to the house when they are halted by a cry from the old gentleman who has spotted them from beyond the bushes. "I'll warn you have you been, you're Rupert?" he calls. "We've been worried out of our wits wondering if you were lost. And now you're home!"



where's Rusty? He missed his tea yesterday and now you've both missed your breakfast. Quickly, Rupert tries to tell the story of their adventures. It all sounds very ordinary, but the old man listens keenly. "All I can understand is that Rusty is in danger," he says. "Come, let's hurry."

YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Sagittarius, you are ruled by Jupiter, the God of Fortune, and you seem to have exceptional powers as a philosopher and counselor. You are able to give excellent advice and to help others less astute in the ways of the world. You are personally ambitious, but in seeking your own advancement in life, you are willing to take others along on the ride.

You have a firm, strong nature and a rather military turn of mind. You men might become outstanding in one of the armed services. While you are willing to dish out discipline and understand the reasons for following certain patterns of behaviour, you are an independent thinker and prefer to establish the working patterns for others. Those who learn to follow your leadership are destined to reach the same platform of success.

It becomes a good game for others to follow the leaders—if you're the one who is leading. You have a reputation for being stern and outspoken, especially in your criticism of others, if their activities do not come under your direction. Make sure that you offer constructive suggestions for corrections and you will never be accused of fault-finding.

It might be well for you to learn to be a little more demonstrative in your affections. Deep underneath you are warm-hearted and loving. But the object of your love might never guess it! Learn to express the gentler side of your nature more.

Among those born on this date are: Admiral Ernest King, Navy; Samuel Locke, educator; Franklin Pierce, U.S. President; Guy Bolton, playwright; Sir Gilbert Parker, statesman and Robert Stanton, reformer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A day in which you should listen to the small voice of your conscience. Spiritual values are important. CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your personal affairs are of the utmost importance now. How you conduct yourself will determine results.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—After your morning devotions, you should plan to relax tensions in some mild and pleasantly suitable recreation.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Spend a pleasant day, relax on Sunday afternoon and evening with congenial friends. Entertainment at home, perhaps.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your morning devotions you may wish to have close friends in for Sunday dinner.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Please yourself today. Let down mounting tensions and enjoy yourself. Build up physical and nervous energies.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Spend some time making important future plans, so that when the time comes to act, you are ready to do so. **CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—Always highly intuitive, you may find that you have psychic intuitions today which should be heeded.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—An inspirational day which can lead to improvement in the health picture. Mental attitudes often improve physical health. **VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—The next six weeks are important in your activity programme. Spend the day making careful plans.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Listen to your ideals. It is important that you do not compromise at this juncture to get what you want. **SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This can be your best Sunday this month. Enjoy yourself with "close friends or relatives you may not have seen lately.

BORN today, you have a firm, strong character in which you have schooled yourself to such a high degree of self-control that natural spontaneity has practically disappeared. By nature, you have a forceful, likable personality, but at times it would be better if you were a little more understanding of the other fellow. Once this shortcoming is pointed out to you, you will do all you can to correct the impression of aloofness. But as you grow older, you must learn to make these discoveries for yourself!

You are fond of the luxuries and enjoy being surrounded by beauty. You enjoy power. And, knowing that money helps on both of these scores, you want money. And you are willing to work hard and long to achieve your innermost desires. See to it that in the process you do not become a little too mercenary.

You will find that there are certain periods in which you seem to get the best results from your efforts. The middle winter months and those during midsummer appear to be the most productive for you. It would be well for you to be low at other times. Make your plans carefully, but postpone action until the lights are green. In this way, you will avoid any error of procedure.

You are one who appears to minimise the romantic side of life. When you wed, it will be a sensible, pleasant association. You are definitely not the type to fall in love at first sight or to experience a "grand passion." With you, marriage is a state which all should experience, and when the right time—and the right partner-to-be—appears, you will conform.

Among those born on this date were: Dagmar Godowsky, actress; Frances Hodgson Burnett, author; Baruch Spinoza, philosopher; Zachary Taylor, U.S. President; Coates Kinney, poet, and James A. Ashley, reformer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Business and financial matters are lively, so make sure you are ready to act instantly on good advice.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be on guard against jeopardising your health. Balance all pros and cons of a situation carefully before acting.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Pay close attention to duty and avoid making careless decisions which could be a handicap to your success.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be confident and aggressive, but take sensible precautions against error and you will win out in your plans.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Avoid impulsiveness, for you will be wise to think before you act. Be sure you are right, then forge ahead.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Diplomacy in handling situations and tact in working with people will solve today's minor difficulties.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—There are explosive qualities in today's aspects, but if you are astute in making decisions, you will ride out any storm.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Be thoughtful of others' inclinations when handling their problems. All goes well then.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Guard against possible risks in any new developments. You will be wise to be conservative.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is an undercurrent of

uncertainty which can cause confusion unless you are wary and wise.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A slight difference of opinion could turn into a serious argument. Be conciliatory and keep the peace!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Your way may not be the only one. Make suggestions rather than give orders!

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

TRIANGLE:

SCRAMBLERS: Fold, dine, ride; Eat, then, need; O'm, row, ore.

TRUE OR FALSE? (Verdict): True: False (London); False (Boston).

WACKY COMPASS: Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

There is an undercurrent of

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Transfer Nips Dead-End Bids

By OSWALD JACOBY

ANOTHER use of the Jacoby transfer bid is to keep out of impossible suit contracts when the hand will produce a no-trump game.

North's two heart response was the 2315 and as such it showed his spade suit.

South made his two spade bid and then North went to two no-trump. This bid showed just what he had. Eight or nine points, a good spade suit and a hand that could play at no-trump.

With only sixteen points South might well have passed this bid but South was well acquainted with the fact that it was worth while to bid and make a game. He knew that his side could start with at least five spade tricks and he decided to gamble that he could gather in four tricks in the other suits.

The way the cards lay there was no defence against three no-trump but West made things

NORTH 2			
♠ K 10 7 5			
♥ 10 2			
♦ Q 7			
♣ Q 10			
EAST			
♠ 8 4 2			
♥ A K J 8			
♦ 10 5 4 3			
♣ 9 3			
SOUTH (D)			
♠ A Q			
♥ K 10 4			
♦ K 7			
♣ A 10 8			
No one vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
1NT	Pass	2♥	Pass
2♠	Pass	2NT	Pass
3NT	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—4♣			

particularly easy when he opened clubs. South's ten spot won the first trick and all he had to do was to knock out the ace of diamonds to make five tricks; two diamonds and two clubs for his contract.

It is interesting to note that any reasonable defence would have beaten four spades. Even with a club opening all that would be necessary was that East should lead a second club as soon as he got the lead with a heart and then put his partner in with the ace of diamonds when he won the second heart.

Of course, North and South might well have reached three no-trump without the JTB. The bid just made it easy for them to get there.

CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1♥ Pass 2♥ Pass
3♥ Pass 4♥ Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A K 7 6 5 ♠ A K 9 7 4 ♠ K 2

What do you do?
A—Bid four no-trump. Your partner has shown a good single raise and if he has an ace you should be willing to gamble the hand at six.

TODAY'S QUESTION
In response to your bid of four no-trump your partner shows two aces by bidding five hearts. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

TARGET

ALI How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left in making each word, the letters must be used in the same order as they appear in the square.

REVE Today's Target: 40 words, good: 48 words, very good: 55 words. Excellent! Solution on Monday.

DED Yesterday's solution: Adam saved some and some other one saved some. Some other some other some other some other some other some other.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

TRIANGLE:

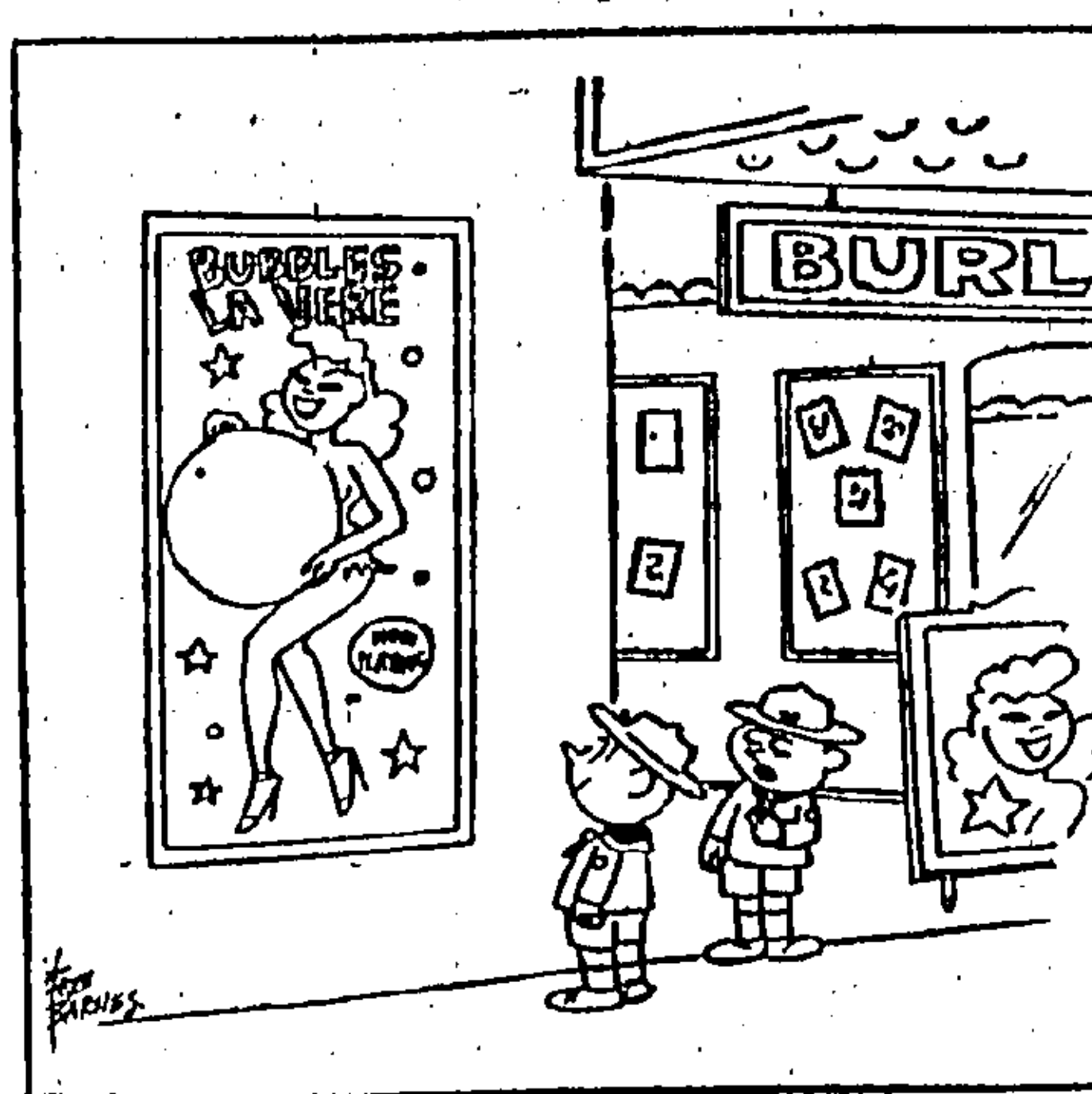
SCRAMBLERS: Fold, dine, ride; Eat, then, need; O'm, row, ore.

TRUE OR FALSE? (Verdict): True: False (London); False (Boston).

WACKY COMPASS: Neither a borrower nor a lender be.

There is an undercurrent of

This Funny World



"Aw, come on, she's old enough to be your Den Mother."

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

If the humorists in charge of the printing of postage stamps continue their frolics, wealthy connoisseurs will soon be hunting post offices in search of masterpieces.

I see that a lady was paid £100 for a book of stamps which contained a twopenny printed upside down. Recently a wealthy man bought for £104,000 a Gauguin still life which fetched £2.2 in 1901. But it was painted the right way up. These artists who paint their pictures upside down and fail to stir the emotions of rich patrons might try performing the sides of their pictures.

Failing that they should go in for the postage-stamp business. One would hardly believe it.

A best-selling author, a girl who had been introduced to a diminutive man said, "Is your name really Sossidge?" "It is," said the little chap sadly. "Why don't you change it to Chippolatta?" asked the girl offensively. This incident reminds me of a brief exchange at an Italian Consulate. An Eastern commercial traveller, presented to the Consul, made an Oriental obeisance, palm of hand to forehead, and said "Salamm." "Salamm!" replied the Consul, offering a tasty morsel to his guest, and thus breaking the ice.

Habeas no Corpus (By way of a change)
As the village constable passed the Manor on his rounds, he noticed no light burning in the study window. Flashing his torch, he saw that there were no footprints on the

flowerbeds. Peering in through the uncurtained window, he noticed that the body of Sir Henry Floote was not slumped over the desk. It was not even in the room. Next day he found no blunt instrument in the shrubbery, and Sir Henry himself walked down the avenue obviously alive and well. As there was no report to make, the village constable made none.

(The End.)

The Narkover touch
A HEAD MASTER is reported to have said that if he wants change he gets it from a boy, as "The boys are more likely to have money than the masters." When Doctor Smart-Aleck was told this, he said, "Temporarily the boys may have the money, but unless the masters are a pack of nincompoops, it will soon change hands. After all, the masters have the whole school organisation behind them, and if it comes to a showdown the boys are a pack of nincompoops. A master who remains poor all through a term is not likely to win the respect of the boys."

CROSSWORD

1. Long distance (5, 4)
2. Fear (4)
3. Continental "Bumrah" (4)
4. Part of wood (4) 15. Quail (5)
5. Non-sensical piece of work (4)
6. Automobile clean-up (3-5)
7. Animal (4)
8. Country with a partner (4)
9. Agent (5)
10. Silver Una (4) 11. (4)
11. Silver Una (4) 12. (4)
12. Silver Una (4) 13. (4)
13. Silver Una (4) 14. (4)
14. Silver Una (4) 15. (4)
15. Silver Una (4) 16. (4)
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START HERE

THE FIRST WORD IN THE DICTIONARY

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PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

PET ULANT

Eighty cats and 120 dogs enjoying a life of luxury on the Riviera, thanks to the generosity of the late Lady Yule, are in danger of expulsion. The mayor of Grasse wants them expelled as a nuisance. But the Cannes Animal Protection Society, which took over the pets' luxury villa home after Lady Yule died, contends that they make no more noise at night than the twittering of birds.

The case has been dragging on for six years with a series of decrees, fines and appeals.

The pet-hating mayor, M. Sauvin, posted a country policeman 100 yards from the home to listen for offending noises, though the villa is hidden away in pine woods.

The conscientious policeman drew up a total of 157 summonses as a result of which Cannes police court handed down five 4s. fines last February on the directors of the pet home at Mougins, near Cannes, Mme. Fernande Blet. She is appealing against the verdict.

GRAVE Mrs. Chong Yit Yin, 37-year-old mother of seven daughters, found a two-week-old baby boy crying in a cardboard box among the tombstones of a Singapore cemetery where she had gone to pray to her ancestors for a boy.

Mrs. Chong, who plans to adopt the baby, named him Lee Chen Mei ("Gift from the Grave").

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OVERHEAD OPERATION Stanley Neaves (48), grabbed by the leg in the gears of an overhead crane, joked with ambulance men while a doctor attempted the limb to free him at Port Kembla, south of Sydney.

The emergency operation was performed without anaesthetics—only morphine was used—102 feet above ground level.

Afterwards, the doctors said: "Neaves is the bravest man I have ever known."

The operation took 20 minutes.

SOON AS POSSIBLE The Sultan of Sokoto, Northern Nigeria, issued an ultimatum that all unmarried women in the Sokoto Emirate are to marry as soon as possible or leave town within seven days.

After the expiration of the time limit, any unmarried women found on the streets would be prosecuted.

DAR ES SALLAM Out on a game trail with 145 tribesmen, armed with locally made breach-loading shot guns, the sub-chief of Mubunda, Tanganyika, ran into trouble. A

When a warden appeared and called out the name of a prisoner for whom he held a release warrant, "The Saint" stepped forward. He went with the warden to the office, completed the formalities and walked out of gaol.

Now the big hunt is on again for "The Saint."

BABY When 21-year-old Jimmy Bennett went to work for a taxi firm at Casper, Wyoming, he struck up a close friendship with another driver, Tom Mackinnane.

Jimmy mentioned his grandmother at Lander, Wyoming. Tom asked her name. It was the same as that of one of his grandmothers. When a little closer comparing revealed that their mother's names were the same, they realised they were brothers.

How did it happen? When still a baby, Jimmy was badly burned. His parents let him be adopted by a nurse at the hospital at Denver, Colorado. But she handed him over to an orphanage from which he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Jake Bennett.

FOOT Fearful Baloni of the Abercorn area of Northern Rhodesia, is now known as "The man who twisted the lion's tail."

With other men of Chief Chilimbwa's village, he was forced to build a grain silo recently when what was thought to be a wild pig was seen disappearing into the bush. Several men, including Iscarlot and Tafuwa Mashamba, gave chase. Suddenly Tafuwa saw the "wild pig" lying in the grass beside him. But it turned out to be a lion.

The lion seized Tafuwa's leg—so Iscarlot grabbed its tail, and held on grimly.

When the other men arrived, they fell on the lion with axes and spears and killed it.

DEBTS OF HONOUR What does a wife do when she suddenly learns that her husband has been secretly sentenced to life imprisonment as a traitor?

Mrs. Dorothy French of Mount Vernon, New York, did not run and hide. Instead, in typical American fashion, she called a press conference to try to explain why her husband, Air Force Capt. George French, 36, had been given the maximum sentence by a military court for attempting to sell atom bomb secrets to Russia for 25,000 dollars.

She told reporters he probably needed the money to pay his poker debts.

STEP FORWARD "The Saint"—of fact, not fiction—has made his escape from the heavily guarded Durban Central gaol.

Salami, who is known as "The Saint," was in the gaol awaiting trial for housebreaking and the theft of valuable jewellery.

CHESSE NEWS Solution No. 5304: 1 Bx Pch; 2 Bx; 3 Bx; 4 Bx; 5 Bx; 6 Bx; 7 Bx; 8 Bx; 9 Bx; 10 Bx; 11 Bx; 12 Bx; 13 Bx; 14 Bx; 15 Bx; 16 Bx; 17 Bx; 18 Bx; 19 Bx; 20 Bx; 21 Bx; 22 Bx; 23 Bx; 24 Bx; 25 Bx; 26 Bx; 27 Bx; 28 Bx; 29 Bx; 30 Bx; 31 Bx; 32 Bx; 33 Bx; 34 Bx; 35 Bx; 36 Bx; 37 Bx; 38 Bx; 39 Bx; 40 Bx; 41 Bx; 42 Bx; 43 Bx; 44 Bx; 45 Bx; 46 Bx; 47 Bx; 48 Bx; 49 Bx; 50 Bx; 51 Bx; 52 Bx; 53 Bx; 54 Bx; 55 Bx; 56 Bx; 57 Bx; 58 Bx; 59 Bx; 60 Bx; 61 Bx; 62 Bx; 63 Bx; 64 Bx; 65 Bx; 66 Bx; 67 Bx; 68 Bx; 69 Bx; 70 Bx; 71 Bx; 72 Bx; 73 Bx; 74 Bx; 75 Bx; 76 Bx; 77 Bx; 78 Bx; 79 Bx; 80 Bx; 81 Bx; 82 Bx; 83 Bx; 84 Bx; 85 Bx; 86 Bx;

